THE LIVING AGE
Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844
NO. 3958

MAY 15, 1920

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE FOREIGN PRESS AND AMERICAN READERS

An editor scanning foreign newspapers and reviews for articles likely to interest Americans speedily discovers a great difference in the serviceability of the material coming from different countries. It is perhaps natural, on account of our kinship in language and thought, that we should obtain more from the British press than from that of other nations. This is not due solely to a certain community of political, commercial, and literary interests. It is partly occasioned by the fact that Great Britain is a world power, whose writers select their subjects and gather their materials from a very broad field. It is less easy to explain why Germany should come next to Great Britain in this respect. Partly, no doubt, it is because that country is at present an important focus of social and political change. It is also due to Germany's constant striving toward world influence. Before the recent war this ambition brought into being a school of press writers who devoted their thought and study to popularizing questions relating to other countries. These writers were very industrious in assembling facts though not always equally happy in interpreting them. Moreover, through Germany we receive our most intimate accounts of Eastern Europe. Switzerland is perhaps an even better source than Germany for articles that make an international appeal — at least in proportion to its size and the number of first-class papers it supports.

Strangely enough, though Paris is more nearly a world capital in some respects than any other modern city, French newspapers and reviews are disappointingly barren of articles likely to interest a cosmopolitan reading public. This may be due to the same causes that have made France in the past self-centred industrially and politically. While French literature and art and scientific thought have world-wide prestige, the press writers of that country, when they discuss the events of the day, cater to readers whose international interests are not broad. Allusions to persons and to local incidents of only transient concern, or no concern at all, to the larger world outside of France, are so interwoven with the substance of their story as to make it but half intelligible to those not intimate with the neighborhood affairs and gossip of that country. Serious studies of polit-

Copyright, 1920, by The Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ical and social questions appear in the French reviews; but they belong to specialist rather than to popular literature.

Italy's daily press displays a cosmopolitan interest that is more than an affectation, although it is sometimes suggested by a fanciful appeal to the imperial traditions of ancient Rome. That country's capital is also the seat of the Roman curia, a centre from which a network of political as well as cultural ties spreads out to the whole world. Moreover, the Peninsula is a sea-bound country with a large emigration — a colonizing land whose people live under many flags. Its writers, therefore, show an acute and intelligent appreciation of world-affairs, and their descriptions and opinions make an appeal to the interest of cosmopolitan readers.

Spanish press writers are so preoccupied with their chronic domestic crises that they seldom cast their eyes beyond the borders of their own country. When they do so it is usually to summarize or repeat what has already been printed abroad.

In sum, a nation must be world-minded to have its press appeal to the readers of the world. Emigrating and colonizing nations are most likely to possess this breadth of interest and sympathy. Only a British Empire could produce a Kipling; and only such an empire could maintain a press whose columns foreigners will always read with interest. For example, political and business conditions in South America are more fully and intelligently pictured in the newspapers of London than anywhere else outside the country to which they relate. Next to the British press, the newspapers of Germany contain the best articles upon these subjects. Italy follows Germany, on account of the large Italian colonies in Brazil and the Argentine. The French press supplies an occasional article of insight, usually written by some South American resident of Paris. Although many ties of history, tongue, and culture unite Spain with its former colonies across the Atlantic, its newspapers are not correspondingly informing upon South American affairs.

COMPULSORY LABOR IN RUSSIA

It is a matter of practical importance, as well as of theoretical interest to our people, to know just what is being done in Russia toward enforcing compulsory labor service. We are able to print this week a translation of a portion of Trotzky's speech delivered last January before the joint session of the Third Congress of Soviets of National Economy and the Moscow Soviet. Issues of the paper containing the beginning and conclusion of this speech have not yet reached our informant.

According to H. N. Brailsford, writing in the London *Daily Herald*, the Russian experiment with compulsory labor was first suggested late last year, when the Communists of the large cities, appalled by the falling off in production, formed volunteer parties which devoted their holidays to various kinds of useful labor with good results. After Denikin's resistance was broken, some regiments of the Red army volunteered for similar service, since they were no longer required for military purposes. They repaired railway equipment, cut fuel, and the like. Soon three entire divisions were thus employed. The idea spread, and the question of extending the military organization to labor in general was widely debated. According to this account, it did not originate with Lenin and Trotzky, but with the labor organizations themselves.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More recent reports from Russia state that four labor armies have already been formed: the Ukrainian, the Siberian, the Substitute army, and last of all, the Petrograd army. The latter is to consist of 100,000 men, who will make it their business to clean up and feed the former capital. Lenin enumerates the duties of this army as: digging peat, loading and unloading fuel for factories and railways, organizing transportation, cultivating all available land in vegetables, organizing potato distribution, repairing rolling stock, unloading freight, repairing agricultural machinery, and operating factories.

Apparently, forced labor is the *ultima ratio* of Socialism as applied in Russia. The spirit of voluntary service is not strong enough to provide even the simplest necessities of the nation. At least, this is the conclusion of the men who now rule Russia, and who are presumably best informed concerning the true situation there. Social movements are guided by facts and not by theories. It is legitimate and pertinent to ask admirers of present Russia whether such a system would be tolerable in the United States. Would an industrial draft be more popular as a permanent institution than a military draft was as an emergency institution?

According to a British officer captured during the campaign against Petrograd last August and recently released, the Bolshevist leaders themselves consider the introduction of this system a desperate expedient, and its mere proposal is said to have caused serious unrest among the Russian working classes.

GERMAN MILITARY SURVIVALS

Gustav Noske, until recently Minister of Defense of the German Republic, has been made the government's scapegoat for the recent Junker revolt. A few months ago he was the most lauded man in Germany. Every peace-loving bourgeois or workingman's family was said to recite a 'Pater Noske' before each meal and before retiring at night. At the same time, he was perhaps the most hated man in office, regarded by riotous radicals as incarnating an ugly combination of the blood and iron repression of the old régime and treason to the class from which he sprang. He will not be generally accused among his own people, however, of willfully betraying the cause of the republic. But a workingman, placed in authority over the old military caste, giving audiences to generals, admirals, and distinguished commanders, may have been susceptible to the subtle flattery which that relation involved. Indeed, this is the most plausible explanation for what subsequently happened. It is now known that responsible Socialist leaders had presented specific evidence to Noske that his forces were not trustworthy, only to have these facts extenuated as 'exceptional cases.' More serious still, the soldiers of the Pioneer regiment whom Noske commends for having remained loyal to the government in defiance of their officers, have now been disciplined as mutineers and discharged from the service. Abundant evidence seems to be at hand that the military party has not yet been crushed and still persists in its designs. As to Noske himself, the following quotations, from an estimate of him by Sisley Huddleston in a recent issue of *Everyman*, are pertinent.

> Noske is the man who must bear the greatest share of responsibility for the stifling of the German revolution, though, of course, his personal part in many of the special incidents is not clear. He was coldly ferocious in manner; he pronounced, with a placid air, the most deadly threats. He certainly was not a blusterer or a braggart: he adjusted his glasses quite calmly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and announced that inexorable measures would be taken against revolutionaries. There is nobody like your revolutionary for suppressing revolutionaries. Once he was in power it was blasphemy to challenge his power.

Was Noske really a traitor to his own government, preparing its downfall, conniving with the Ludendorffs? It has been suggested but I do not think so. His mentality is a sufficient explanation of his conduct — that Bismarckian mentality of blood and iron without the Bismarckian subtlety. His designs were transparent enough — to consolidate his personal position; to fortify Germany against any real Socialism; to defy, sooner or later, the Entente.

But he was overthrown by his own Frankenstein.

CAILLAUX

CAILLAUX has been acquitted of treason but found guilty of criminal indiscretion during the war. The record of his trial has for some weeks occupied a prominent position in the columns of the French press, where, except among the Socialists, he has found few outright defenders. Whether the final sentence of history will accord with that of the French Senate is impossible to tell. It seems probable, however, that his apologists will become more numerous and bolder as the war, with its passions and controversies, sinks into the past. The case has been presented with such detail in the French press that no room seems to have been left for a summary of the trial, giving its complete history and antecedents within the scope of a single article. At least no such article has come to our attention. The German account, which we publish, is a pacifist appreciation of a man who is conceived to have been himself a sincere and disinterested pacifist. But the moral issue which gives importance to the trial hinges precisely on this point. Was the ex-Premier inspired by motives of personal ambition, personal vanity, and political hatred, to embark upon a course which a man moved solely by disinterred love of his country would never have chosen? Or was he moved merely by conscientious and patriotic motives? Or do unmixed motives of either class ever determine the actions of public men?

EUROPE'S DEPOPULATION

ACCORDING to a report made by the Society for the Study of the Social Consequences of the War, which has its headquarters at Copenhagen, between the outbreak of that conflict and the middle of 1919, Europe lost about 35,000,000 people. Of this deficit in what would have been the normal population of the continent at the latter date, 20,000,000 are accounted for by the decline in the birth rate and 15,000,000 by increased mortality, including nearly 10,000,000 killed in battle. The surplus of the female sex in Europe has nearly tripled, rising from slightly over 5,000,000 to 15,000,000. Russia and Poland suffered total losses of 13,000,000; Germany and Austria together, slightly less than that number; France comes next with an estimated loss of 3,340,000; Italy follows with 2,280,000; Great Britain and Ireland lost about 1,850,000, and little Serbia, including war casualties approaching those of the United Kingdom, lost 1,650,000.

ITALY AND THE CAUCASUS

ITALY recently dispatched a mission to Transcaucasia to study political and economic conditions there. Before the Turks occupied Constantinople, the Italian maritime republics controlled much of the commerce of the Black Sea, and even to-day the ignorant Georgian peasant calls the ruins of forgotten cities in his country 'Genoese.' At a later date Italy's trade in the Black Sea again became important, and there are old men still alive who can remember when the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

street names in Odessa were written in Italian as well as Russian. So historical reasons exist for Italy's revived interest in the commercial possibilities beyond the Dardanelles. Economic arguments reinforce the hint given by these traditions. Italy is in urgent need of fuel and raw materials. Tonnage is scarce and freights are high. Every motive, therefore, exists for the kingdom to procure its supplies at the nearest point. Petroleum from Batum and cotton from Persia and Armenia can be brought to Italy with a shorter transit than from any other part of the world. Italy's merchants can employ in this trade its numerous small vessels which cannot be used with equal profit for transatlantic voyages. Transcaucasia is likely to welcome this new market, because it has lost for the time being its former customers in Russia.

However, the Commission's report upon Italy's trade prospects in this region is not over-optimistic. Political insecurity, the erection of a number of new commercial frontiers between states which have recently secured their political independence, the decline of production during hostilities, and scarcity of implements and machinery, will prevent these regions from having much to export for a considerable period to come.

FIUME LABOR UNREST

AVANTI, the official organ of the Italian Socialists, publishes an appeal addressed by the Socialists of Fiume 'to the workingmen of the whole world,' calling for their aid against D'Annunzio, whom it characterizes as 'a mad, hair-brained despot whose bravos make short shrift of any who refuse to acclaim them heroes.' The distress and oppression of the working classes are greater than in the reactionary days when Tisza was Premier of Hungary. According to *Avanti*, a violent conflict is likely to ensue in Fiume, where about 8000 men out of a total population of 50,000 belong to organized labor groups.

ACCORDING to a dispatch in the London *Morning Post*, Prince Eugène Troubetskoy, the well-known philosopher and editor of the journal *Logos*, has died in Moscow from starvation. Prince Troubetskoy, it will be recalled, is the author of the article on 'Russia's Religious Renaissance,' which originally appeared in the *Hibbert Journal*, and was republished by the LIVING AGE in its issue of April 17.

HERALDO DE MADRID reports that 125,825 Spanish workingmen emigrated to France during the war, of whom over 93,000 were agricultural laborers. Of these 96,000 have not yet returned to their native country. This fact is used as the text of a criticism of rural labor conditions in Spain.

The same paper discusses elsewhere the hardships inflicted upon the always underpaid school teachers of Spain by the rising cost of living. The people of that country spend upon an average about 40 cents per capita for public instruction. In several provinces the proportion of illiterates rises to 75 and 80 per cent. But 72 per cent of the voters in the industrial district of Barcelona can read: while in other provinces nearly two voters out of three are unable to read their ballots.

THE ladies of France have anticipated our overall clubs by organizing a 'Cotton Stocking League.' In an editorial endorsing this and similar movements in favor of economy, *L'Echo de Paris* says that in 1919 a single Paris shop sold 1,300,000 pair of silk stockings at an average price of 30 francs a pair.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*Vossische Zeitung* (Conservative Liberal Daily), *March 11*]

COUNT BERNSTORFF'S MEMOIRS

II

GERMANY'S legitimate propaganda through Dr. Dernburg's press bureau in New York, and the operations of the commercial agency, were seriously embarrassed, as Count Bernstorff explains, by Germans who resorted to acts of violence in the United States and Canada and thus brought down the violent anger of the American press upon their country.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war Great Britain's naval superiority enabled its war vessels upon foreign stations to prevent German reservists in North and South America from returning to their native land. This caused German citizens and German-Americans in the United States to resort to measures which, though not directed primarily against the American Government, violated the laws of that country. Over and above this, several acts of violence were committed against Germany's enemies at different points in the course of 1915, and preparations were made for other similar deeds, which likewise constituted more or less serious violations of the American laws. All these plots were employed to our damage, being designated as German conspiracies against American neutrality. The agitation they aroused injured the German cause, and in particular the policy I had adopted.

A prominent instance in which the laws of the country were broken without direct acts of violence, occurred when the New York branch of the Hamburg-American Line, acting upon instructions from the head office in Hamburg, dispatched about a dozen chartered vessels with coal and provisions to meet German cruisers and auxiliary cruisers upon the high seas. These vessels were declared for foreign ports lying beyond the points on the high seas where they were to meet German vessels. When it was discovered later that the New York agents of the Hamburg-American Line had thus coaled our warships, they were indicted for knowingly swearing to false declarations. Their honored chief, Dr. Bunz, and three other members of the firm were sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

Furthermore, several German reserve officers who chanced to be in America were able to get home, in spite of the sharp watch Great Britain kept over sea traffic, through a secret office organized in New York by a German-American named Von Wedell, and later managed by Karl Ruroede, which provided them with counterfeit or forged American passports. This bureau was broken up by the American Department of Justice when four German reservists possessing such passports were taken off a Norwegian ship in New York harbor. Wedell is alleged to have fled from New York some time before, to have been captured by the British, and to have been drowned by the sinking of a transport. The reservists escaped with heavy fines. Ruroede was sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

These actions by the Hamburg-American Line and the false passport office had already done the German cause great harm in America, when it was injured far more seriously by the acts of destruction committed by German citizens and German-Americans in America against our enemies. Any person free from prejudice would have recognized that in the cases where such acts were proved, they were undertaken on private initiative. They were the mad enterprises of hot-headed patriots and not conspiracies organized or approved officially by representatives of Germany. Innumerable other alleged plots were pure fictions of the imagination without the slightest basis of fact. Every accident which occurred in an American munitions works — and a mushroom growth of such enterprises covered the country, operated in the vast majority of cases by inexperienced and unskilled workers — was invariably ascribed to German agents.

Apparently I was held responsible for at least permitting these atrocities to be committed under the direction of officers or secret agents to the Embassy. In order to prove this several cipher telegrams from the German War Office to the Embassy in Washington were deciphered in England, which were alleged to counsel such acts on Canadian soil. I do not know whether these dispatches were genuine or not. Military cipher telegrams addressed, 'Attention, Military Attaché,' did indeed reach the Embassy in great numbers, but were invariably forwarded at once to the office of Captain Von Papen in New

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

York without my knowing their contents. Mr. Von Papen, very naturally, never informed me of any instructions he might have received from his superiors to arrange for questionable enterprises of the character indicated. Without further evidence I do not consider it to have been proved that such instructions were received by him. But in regard to these questions I can only speak for myself; for I never concerned myself with purely military matters. Soon after Captain Von Papen started home I energetically protested against the government's sending a successor, because I considered that with a situation such as existed in America, there was nothing for a military attaché to do, and that the presence of such an officer at the Embassy would merely feed enemy agitation.

I never knew at the time what secret agents, who might have been sent to the United States by the German military authorities, were possibly doing in violation of the laws of the country, either under explicit instructions or through exceeding their instructions. Neither have I been able to learn anything under this head since returning to Germany. I desire to emphasize, however, that I repeatedly and urgently appealed to the Foreign Office to prevent by every means in its power the dispatch of German secret agents to America. Furthermore, I caused an official warning to be published in the press of the United States, addressed to German citizens in that country, exhorting them not to commit any acts which violated the laws of the land. On the whole, I feel justified in saying that about a year before diplomatic relations were broken off I had completely checked these 'conspiracies,' and that no more agents were being sent from Germany.

When the government in Washington, late in 1915, requested the recall of the German military and naval attachés on account of their alleged participation in illegal acts, Count Bernstorff both orally and in writing inquired of the American Department of State whether it believed the Ambassador himself was implicated in these proceedings. Secretary Lansing stated explicitly the contrary. After America entered the war, a Senate Committee was appointed to investigate German propaganda and German conspiracy in the United States. A representative of the Department of Justice was commissioned to lay before this committee all the evidence which the government possessed, including that presented in cases where a conviction was not secured. Count Bernstorff gives a list of twenty-four instances in which complaints had been laid, stating that his own name was mentioned in connection solely with an alleged effort inspired from Germany to organize a revolution in India.

Count Bernstorff next discusses certain charges not referred to in the evidence of the Department of Justice, which were the subject of a bitter press campaign in America against Germany and the German Government.

I should mention first of all the failure to prove the hateful charge often made against us to the effect that we conspired to involve the United States in war with Japan and Mexico. So far as Japan is concerned, I will merely observe in passing that when Mr. Hale became associated with our propaganda, he explicitly made the condition that we would do nothing to accentuate the existing controversies between America and Japan — a condition accepted without discussion by Dr. Dernburg, since both he and his assistant, Dr. Führ, who knew Japan thoroughly, were decidedly opposed to that policy.

Further, let me observe that Mr. Bielaski produced no evidence to support the charge that had also been made to the effect that we were instigating a revolt of the negroes in the United States. When he was asked by a Southern Senator to express his views on this point, he said that the efforts alleged to have been made in this direction could not be traced to Germany's representatives. I may add further that this agent of the Department of Justice cleared us of complicity in promoting strikes and bomb plots at American munitions works, acts of which we had previously been repeatedly accused.

Summing up the political effect of the unlawful acts committed in America, the Ambassador says: 'After we had been discredited on account of some unproved cases where unlawful acts were committed in the false belief that they benefited Germany, every rumor or hint of German lawbreaking, whether it had any basis of fact or not, served to deepen the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rapidly spreading distrust and indignation of the people toward us.'

At the outbreak of the war the United States Government proposed to the belligerent Powers to conduct their naval operations in accordance with the Declaration of London, which had not yet been ratified by all the parties. England insisted upon reservations and modifications which rendered the document useless. On October 24 the American authorities withdrew their proposal, stating officially:

This government will insist hereafter that its own rights and obligations and those of the citizens of the United States shall be determined by the existing provisions of international law and the treaties to which the United States is a party, without regard to the terms of the London Declaration.

In reply to this communication, Great Britain, on November 3, 1914, declared the whole North Sea a war zone of naval operations and inaugurated a blockade of neutral coasts and harbors. This measure was taken with a view to starving out Germany. America at once recognized its purpose, and Secretary Lansing remarked to the Ambassador when the latter brought this point to his notice: 'Yes, the English frankly admit that themselves.' In Germany it was confidently assumed that this measure by Great Britain would result in diplomatic protests.

In Germany everybody hoped that the neutral governments would insist with energy upon their right to trade freely with each other and, uniting under the leadership of the United States, would make a serious effort to compel Great Britain to observe the rules of international law. This did not happen; or in any case did not happen soon enough to prevent our unhappy decision to start a submarine campaign. It will remain forever an unsolved question whether the war would have taken a more favorable course for us, if the constantly recurring controversies between Germany and America over our submarine policy had not checked at the start every threatened conflict between England and America.

On the basis of my experience in the United States, I believe that the Washington Government would have pursued a different policy if we had not incurred the odium of violating Belgian neutrality and inaugurating U-Boat warfare. Inasmuch as the United States merely had to raise its fingers to make England change its attitude, it should have been vividly impressed on our memory how often during the last twenty-five years England has had to retreat from a position as soon as America took a determined stand. The inconsistency of President Wilson's attitude in view of the usual 'shirt-sleeve diplomacy' attitude of America toward England, was employed by the President's enemies in Germany as irrefragable proof for their contention that England and the United States were secretly playing a pre-arranged game of which we had no explicit information.

There is no need for assuming that the two countries had a mysterious pre-arranged understanding in order to explain the situation which was the logical and inevitable result of the state of public sentiment in America. From the first day, the sympathy of that country was against us. If it had been as strongly in our favor as it was in our disfavor, in all probability the American Government would never have tolerated England's disregard for international law, and would have at once declared an embargo.

Inasmuch as the economic pressure of the blockade became increasingly burdensome for Germany, the Imperial Government published its decision, in February, 1915, to employ its submarines without restriction.

The German Government resolved to start the U-Boat campaign, and published a proclamation to that effect which I delivered to Secretary Bryan on February 4, 1915, accompanied by the memorandum justifying this decision. According to the terms of the proclamation, the waters surrounding Great Britain and Ireland, including the entire English Channel, were declared a war zone. On and after February 18, every enemy merchant vessel found in this zone would be destroyed and it would be impossible to guarantee the safety of the crews and passengers on such vessels. Neutral ships within this zone would also be imperiled, since the British Government on January 31 had issued instructions advising the employment of neutral flags, and since, further, the chances of naval warfare made it impossible to guarantee that neutral shipping would not suffer unintentionally from operations directed against enemy shipping.

When I delivered this document to Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bryan, my main purpose was to urge the government of the United States to warn its citizens from embarking as passengers or members of crews, or from shipping goods, upon merchant vessels whose course lay through the prohibited zone.

Secretary Bryan at first refused to believe that we seriously proposed this measure. He apparently regarded a U-Boat campaign against merchant vessels as a simple impossibility, and thought our proclamation was mere bluff. Therefore, the American Government decided not to take precautionary measures; but on February 12 it sent a note of protest to Berlin. This note outlined the principal points of difference between our government and the United States, which characterized the submarine controversy as long as it continued. Germany regarded the employment of submarines as justifiable reprisal against the English blockade, which the American Government agreed with us in characterizing a violation of international law. On the other hand, the American Government insisted that except where an effective blockade was enforced, citizens of neutral countries were entitled to travel wherever they wished without danger to their lives.

The kernel of the controversy consisted in the fact that the Americans contented themselves with issuing paper protests against the British blockade, which the latter government argued was merely an accommodation of long standing and recognized military law to the progress of naval technique; while they treated our own claim to accommodate the laws of naval warfare to the new weapon which the submarine had given us as a *casus belli*. In later phases of the controversy the Imperial Government made proposals to the Americans which in the opinion of our own authorities, guaranteed the commercial and maritime interests of the latter country; and which would have protected the lives of American citizens, while at the same time permitting us a free hand to employ our U-Boats. America would not consent to this, and threw its whole influence against extending the conception of a blockade by injecting into it the U-Boat factor; although at the same time it tolerated the extension of the blockade idea for which the English contended, notwithstanding that the British measures violated the rights of neutrals far more than did our own.

The presentation of the memorandum declaring our intention of inaugurating an unrestricted submarine campaign in February, 1915, was the occasion of the first exchange of notes between Germany and the United States upon naval policies. Count Bernstorff discusses the German position in the following words:

Our note of February 16 represented our submarine campaign as a reprisal for the English blockade. This plea was as a matter of fact not a very happy one. It gave America an opportunity to take up immediately that aspect of the question and to offer us a service (its appeal to Great Britain to lighten the blockade), which resulted in no advantage to us, but strengthened the position of the American Government in pushing its protests against a submarine campaign. It would have been better to have insisted simply that the U-Boats were a new naval weapon without discussing the English blockade at all, and if possible without proclaiming a blockade of Great Britain and Ireland, which never proved effective and which merely created friction with America. Our declaration that the British waters were a battle area, imitating a similar declaration by the British Government, was a mere juristic formula which did not take into account American psychology. By characterizing our submarine policy as a policy of reprisal, we gave it a certain odium of acknowledged illegality.

Since the government of the United States would not warn its citizens against traveling in the new war zone, Count Bernstorff, in agreement with Dr. Dernburg and the two attachés, issued the well-known notice printed in the American press shortly before the Lusitania was sunk. This notice had no connection whatever with the plan falsely attributed to the German Government, of sinking that particular vessel. Upon this point Count Bernstorff says:

I admit frankly that I had not the slightest idea that so unexpected a thing would happen as the sinking of the Lusitania. I was personally convinced that humane considerations and political wisdom counseled us to spare passenger vessels, and I did not know the technical difficulties which stood in the way of sparing such steamers in the midst of an active submarine campaign.

More than that, I thought it a physical impossibility to torpedo so swift a vessel as the Lusitania going at full speed. Furthermore, I assumed that a vessel of the very latest construction, even if it were hit, would remain above

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

water long enough for the passengers to be rescued.

So I want to repeat again that our advertisement in the paper was a general warning, which we published from both humane and political motives, without having the Lusitania particularly in mind. The principal thing that inspired this action was the apathetic attitude of the Washington authorities.

The news of the sinking of the Lusitania created tremendous excitement in America. The Ambassador was compelled to keep in retirement in order to avoid unpleasant incidents. During the weeks immediately following, it looked any moment as though diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany might be broken off. The hostility of the public was merely increased by an effort of Dr. Dernburg in a great public address to justify the sinking of the Lusitania on the ground that the steamer was carrying munitions. Count Bernstorff described the situation as follows, in a dispatch to Berlin dated Washington, May 9, 1915:

The Lusitania incident causes great excitement, especially in New York, which is particularly affected. Nevertheless, I hope that serious results may be avoided. Mr. Wilson is dealing with the affair calmly. I recommend an expression of regret at the death of so many Americans, to be made in any form possible without acknowledging our responsibility.

In another dispatch dated Washington, May 10, 1915, he says:

Bryan talked to me very seriously concerning the Lusitania incident. His influence will certainly be thrown in favor of a peaceful settlement. That influence is very great, for Wilson owes his reelection to Bryan. On the other hand, Roosevelt is sounding the war trumpet in order to get the support of the Jingos. Bryan's serious appraisal of the situation is indicated by the regret he expresses that we have not signed his famous peace treaty (arbitration treaty?). For this reason I repeat my suggestion that we propose to submit the incident in some form to arbitration in case the situation becomes more serious. This would be a good *argumentum ad hominem*, in order to prevent war. As I see things here, another way out of the difficulty might be recommended: That we renew our proposal to discontinue the submarine campaign if England will observe the rules of international law and discontinue its efforts to starve us out. In any case the situation is very serious, I hope and believe that we will emerge from it successfully, but if there are repetitions of the incident I cannot guarantee anything.

A week later, on May 17, Bernstorff again telegraphed Berlin:

As I have already informed Your Excellency, Dr. Dernburg has decided to leave the United States. I think that he has done his country a great service by this act. It is made the easier for him, because he could not in any case continue his previous activities. As I have already reported, he has exposed himself to personal attacks from our enemies by trying to check the wave of hysterical sentiment here in a public speech and in an interview, the contents of which unfortunately do not agree with the public explanations received from Your Excellency the following day. So long as Dr. Dernburg confined himself to writing newspaper articles he rendered excellent service. When he began to make addresses to German-American meetings he took a very dangerous course. All of us here were agreed on that point. Nevertheless, everything must be tried in war, even if it leads to a sacrifice, which in this case unhappily now proves inevitable. The recent exchange of notes, in which the German Government insists on its right to sink vessels which can be converted into auxiliary cruisers, like the Lusitania, has increased the tension.

After quoting this message, Count Bernstorff comments:

Without waiting for instructions from Berlin, I exercised my privilege as an Ambassador to request an audience with the President. As I learned later — from other sources, even from Manila — on the second of June, when I paid my visit to Mr. Wilson, preparations had already been completed for breaking off diplomatic relations and declaring war. These measures were thereupon countermanded.

After this interview I was convinced that the President did not want war with Germany. Unless this is the case there is absolutely no explanation for his having accepted my proposals instead of breaking off relations. If he had taken the latter course he would have had American public opinion behind him to a far greater extent than was the case when he finally did break with us. The only opposition he would have en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

countered would have been from Secretary Bryan, who eventually resigned his office because the sharp exchange of notes, with the accompanying danger of war, did not suit his pacifist convictions. I believe it false to assume that Wilson from that time on hoped to bluff us down. He believed that danger of war existed, but he constantly sought some way of avoiding it. I shaped my policy upon this interpretation of his attitude. That was the first time that the President personally told me that he contemplated an offer to mediate.

After the audience at the White House, Count Bernstorff telegraphed as follows to the Foreign Office under the date of June 2, 1915:

The seriousness of the situation here caused me to seek an audience with the President. In an extraordinarily friendly interview, in which both of us expressed a wish to find some way out of the present difficulty, Wilson kept recurring to the point that he was interested only in the humane side of the question, which outweighed all considerations of material compensation for the Americans lost on the Lusitania. His efforts are directed toward stopping submarine warfare. Minor concessions on our part will secure only a temporary compromise in respect to this final object. In his opinion, we ought to make an appeal to the moral conscience of the world by relinquishing the submarine campaign, since the war cannot be ended by force of arms but only by negotiations. Were we to give up the submarine campaign, he would insist upon England's relinquishing its policy of starving us out. According to definite reports from London, the present British Cabinet is ready to consider such a proposal. Wilson hoped that he would thus open a way for a general peace move which he could undertake at the head of the neutral governments.

The President emphasizes that the point upon which we would stand together, is that England and the United States of America have always contended for the freedom of the seas.

The friendly spirit that inspired our interview should create no illusions as to the seriousness of the situation. If we do not succeed in calming public sentiment by our next note, Wilson cannot avoid breaking off diplomatic relations. I urgently recommend that we avoid this on account of its moral effect, of the immediate increase of munitions deliveries to our enemies that would follow, and of the danger that the latter will receive great financial support from this side of the Atlantic. In case we come to an agreement, on the other hand, there is some prospect that the sentiment against exporting instruments of warfare will gain the upper hand. Furthermore, we may feel assured that Wilson will then intervene in favor of peace. Our success will be determined by the tone of our note and the appeal it makes to public sentiment, which is the deciding influence here. To this end we should dispense with technical juristic arguments entirely, and shift the discussion solely to considerations of humanity. For the purpose of informing Berlin accurately on the situation here, Mr. Meyer-Gerhard is leaving to-morrow for Germany as a Red Cross delegate. I beg you will delay your reply until he arrives.

This trip of Meyer-Gerhard to Berlin to inform the public there of the situation prevented diplomatic relations from being broken off during the first crisis of excitement after the Lusitania was sunk. The information which that gentleman carried to Berlin, however, did not change the attitude of the German Government. America's sharp note of June 10 had meanwhile caused the resignation of Secretary Bryan, who had advocated warning the American public against military measures. His resignation was precipitated by a painful incident in which former secretary Zimmerman participated. Count Bernstorff discussed this as follows:

The resignation of the Secretary of State had furthermore a tragic diplomatic prelude. The Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Washington, Mr. Dumba, called on Secretary Bryan in order to discuss with him the controversy between Germany and America. Both gentlemen desired to find some way of escape and thought that an ambassador not directly implicated in the matter might act as a successful intermediary. It was later reported that there was a mutual misunderstanding on this point. That is quite possible. In any case, Mr. Dumba sent a radiogram to Vienna *via* Nauen in which he expressed Bryan's ideas as follows: 'The United States does not want war. The sharp notes should not be taken too seriously. They must be sent in order to calm the excited public sentiment here. The Berlin Government must not resent them, but should make proper concessions to remove the causes of conflict.' This telegram of Mr. Dumba's happened to be transmitted to the Berlin Foreign Office precisely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when the American Ambassador sent his card in to Mr. Zimmerman, our Assistant Secretary of State, in order to demand immediate concessions from Germany in his usual excited and blunt manner, and to state that otherwise war was inevitable. Thereupon, Mr. Zimmerman showed Mr. Gerard the Dumba telegram in order to cool him off. Its contents made the statements of the American Ambassador look like mere bluff. Mr. Gerard naturally reported the incident to Washington. That placed Mr. Bryan in the light of scheming to defeat the President's policy. His resignation was hastened by this incident.

On July 25, the last American note upon the Lusitania was dispatched. In this the Washington Government modified its position by acknowledging that submarine warfare was permissible if opportunity was given the crews and passengers of merchant vessels to leave such vessels in safety before they were sunk. In other respects the government held to its previous position that a repetition of such incidents, imperiling the lives of American citizens, would be regarded an unfriendly act. With this explicit threat of war, in case the Lusitania episode were repeated, the first chapter of the negotiations between the two countries regarding the use of submarines came to a close.

[*English Review* (Liberal Monthly), *April*

CAPTAIN VON PAPEN'S DITTY BOX*

BY 'IGNOTUS'

When the Egyptian Expeditionary Force under the command of General Allenby made its rapier-like thrust at the German-Turkish lines in the early morning of September 19, 1918, and, piercing them, its inconceivably rapid advance northward, it would be a truism to say that the enemy was surprised; he stood aghast and was overwhelmed, both physically and mentally.

Without touching on the strategical aspects of the situation, the line broke, and, as Pepys relates of the Court of Charles II, 'within three days all was in the dust.'

Formed bodies of troops, it is true, showed considerable but diminishing fight as our men pushed north, but of systematically organized withdrawal, as soldiers understand it, there was none.

The natural sequel of such a headlong flight, apart from the capture of prisoners, was the abandonment of immense masses of material, as has been repeatedly witnessed in this war, comprising such animals as had not been hurried off, guns, motors, ammunition, medical supplies, rations, and all the heterogeneous collection of articles by which a modern army moves and is revivified.

An item frequently overlooked by outsiders, because, for one thing, it is not sufficiently sensational for newspaper prominence, and for another because its mention is unostentatiously discouraged by those in authority, is 'paper,'—in short, enemy documents,—and it is of these that it is here proposed to treat.

When the mounted troops reached Nazareth, the late Headquarters of the Supreme Command on the Palestine front, they found themselves, as might have been expected, to a certain degree anticipated, for a working party of Germans had been busily engaged in the short time at their disposal in destroying all papers that could be destroyed.

The floors of the house that had served as the German Headquarters resembled nothing so much as preparations for some gigantic paper chase, while efforts, happily only partially successful, had been made to burn the accumulation of orders, reports, plans, maps, etc., with which the German, with his customary mole-like industry, had managed to surround himself.

Though much had been destroyed, far more remained, and among the

* A ditty box is the service name in the navy for the small boxes in which the lower deck keep their private papers, photographs, etc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

débris a square wooden box, in reality a converted ammunition chest, fitted with hasps and a lock, bearing the words 'v. Papen' neatly burned in in poker work.

This when examined was full, nearly to the brim, with private and official papers, the owner being no other than the notorious Captain Franz von Papen, of the Prussian Guard, who, serving as Military Attaché to the Imperial German Embassy at Washington at the outbreak of war, managed, in the course of the ensuing sixteen months to make himself so obnoxious personally to the American Government by his dastardly subterranean activities, that his recall, together with that of his colleague, Kapitän zur See Boy-Ed, the Naval Attaché, was demanded by Washington and acquiesced in by Berlin.

From Berlin, after a short stay, he was posted early in 1916 to the German front, on the Staff of the 4th Guards Infantry Division, whence (the division being at that time in the Souchez sector) he was relieved by a certain Captain Von Kalckreuth and removed to the General List for special service in the East—that is, Palestine—reporting on his way through Berlin to General Von Falkenhayn, who followed him later to assume general command of operations on that front, under the somewhat nominal control of Enver Pasha, himself an excellent example of what German Kultur, grafted on the native stock, can accomplish, and thus Von Papen comes into the story.

Von Papen certainly had his good points; he was, for instance, a voluminous correspondent, though not many of his drafts were found in his box, but replies from his friends and relations extending over the past three and a half years were in profusion, and it is to his habit of preserving with meticulous care whatever was sent him, particularly anything marked '*bitte vernichten*' (please destroy) that we are indebted for most of the following facts.

It must be added that he was an excellent staff officer, as evidenced by his reports, and a model husband and father, as shown by various family letters, though one must never lose sight of the fact that he was an out-and-out Prussian Junker, thus approximating to the pirate of happy memory, immortalized as the 'mildest-mannered man that ever cut a throat.' His correspondents were numerous, comprising as they did officers of high rank, statesmen and diplomats, family connections, etc., but the most verbose was certainly his former colleague at Washington, Boy-Ed. When these two worthies were recalled, Papen in December, 1915, Boy-Ed somewhat later, the former, realizing what an exhibition he had made of himself, faded quietly away, whereas Boy-Ed, true to type, issued a farewell address on American manners which caused a great sensation. It appeared in all the American papers of standing the following day with appropriate leading articles, and, in addition to causing endless comment, added appreciably to the difficulties of such Germans and German well-wishers as still remained in the United States.

This comment gradually crystallized into an anonymous letter, written on June 1, 1916, and attributed to one Max Koch, a friend of Hossenfelder, German Vice-Consul in New York, and sent to one Newmen, a grain importer in Hamburg, an extract of which is given here. It is extremely interesting and shows clearly the attitude of the more moderate German element in America to these exponents of Junkerism:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Besides the three chief advisers of the Ambassador, Captain Boy-Ed of the Imperial German Navy, the Naval Attaché, and Captain Von Papen, the Military Attaché, also influenced the Ambassador's attitude. Boy-Ed may be a capable naval officer, and is at all events an unobjectionable character, but he always lets his head hang down, being a born pessimist. He was always seeing spectres, and directly an unfavorable report arrived would run around with a countenance full of care, and have a sleepless night.

He considered the odds against us too great, and suffered much under the dreadful attitude of this country. It happened that he got engaged to a lady of a Conservative American family; Conservative means pro-Ally, and so the pessimistic horn got blown from this direction as well.

He also did silly things that are incomprehensible.

He let himself in through a worthless fellow named Stahl by presenting evidence, in which the man swore to the German Government that the Lusitania was armed.

This evidence was used in the German-American exchange of Notes, and as England energetically contested the arming, they went for Stahl here, and it turned out that it all depended upon the pure imagination of the seemingly hysterical Stahl.

Then Boy-Ed made a fresh mistake by addressing a communication to the American people before his departure, in which he affirmed that he was being sent home guiltless; that in itself was improper, and must have offended Washington.

Added to that, he entered on a boundless lack of circumspection, attacking in this connection the American press in general and the Providence *Journal* in particular, stating as his opinion that the existing press conditions needed to be improved and that a law was necessary to prevent the press calumniating people.

I have never been able to understand how a German officer could so lower himself as to honor this dirty company with a word.

As might have been foreseen, the papers on the following day fell all over him, and sent him at sea a series of vulgarities by wireless. Others called him a liar, and it is these farewell messages, and not Boy-Ed's address, which have remained in the public mind.

Von Papen's career closed with quite a disaster.

He was charged with being implicated in the many munition factory explosions, in that he had found the money for procuring materials and instructed the persons concerned.

It appears, too, that some really childish arrangements were made, which everyone capable of forming an opinion could have foreseen beforehand would not have been of the slightest benefit to us, whereas, if they went askew, great injury must result.

I refer to the destruction of the Welland Canal, and the attempt to destroy a railway bridge in Canada; even if both of these had succeeded, there were plenty of other ways for transporting corn to the seaports, and the bridge too could only have upset traffic for a few hours.

Both attempts ended in absolute failure, and those involved will meet with heavy punishment.

All that, however, could be forgiven him, for success in such matters cannot be assured, if Von Papen's prime stupidity had not followed on leaving this country.

I refer to the carriage of compromising documents, for, as stipulated in the pass taking him through the British lines, only his person would be inviolate, and no letters or anything else.

He had instructions from Count Bernstorff, moreover, not to take anything with him, and urgent advice to this effect from all his friends. Yet, as the British immediately discovered, this man of misfortune had whole archives in his possession, and above all else, his check books in which he had quite naïvely noted, in plain language, all those who had received money from him, as well as a whole series of compromising private letters.

The excitement in America was intense, and the general conviction here was that both men would be brought before a court-martial for their conduct; yet all we heard here was the bestowal of orders.*

You can judge how extraordinarily apropos it is to publish these distinctions throughout the world.

The officials here complain bitterly about the haughty demeanor of our people, who think by means of a stiff bearing to compensate for a lack of local knowledge; Count Bernstorff and Privy Councilor Albert are looked upon in Washington in the light of emetics.

After the publication of the Papen letter, in which Captain Von Papen spoke of the 'idiotic Yankees,' general feeling here was so uncomfortable that Von Papen thought it well to disappear for a few weeks, and went with Prince Hatzfeldt to the Mammoth Springs in Yellowstone Park. That, however, was a mistake, for they had registered themselves with their full titles, their arrival was announced in the local papers, and on their further journey a crowd of reporters and photographers followed them.

* Von Papen subsequently received the Knight's Cross of the Hohenzollern Order with Swords.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They were pestered at every step they took with requests to give an explanation about the 'idiotic Yankees,' and their reply, 'We have nothing to say,' was published, with photographs, in all the papers, as follows: Both had held newspapers in front of their faces in order not to be snapshotted, and a whole series of laughable photographs resulted; on the papers held up in front of them appeared the words 'We have nothing to say,' and these photographs circulated throughout the States! It was necessary to give you a picture of these personages in order to put you in a position to judge for yourself whether they were possessed of sufficient ability rightly to discern the feeling in the country. We viewed the departure of Boy-Ed and Papen here with a wet eye and a dry one; the dry one expressed the joy we felt that they could do no more mischief over here, and the wet one, the grief we felt that now the two pessimists could perhaps do worse damage in Germany.

This letter on its arrival in Germany was given wide circulation by means of copies, one of which reached the Kaiser through the intermediary of Prince Henry of Prussia, which brings one to the first of Boy-Ed's letters to Von Papen, here reproduced:

BERLIN, *December 1, 1916.*

Many thanks for yours of the 28th November. Although I have had the particular part of the New York letter copied I would prefer not to send you the letter itself at present.

You will understand and excuse this, as I got it from my Chief through Excellency Von Muller for myself, and I should have to apply specially before making further use of it.

This procrastination toward you is, I think, essentially meaningless, as I have in the meantime begun a slander action through my superiors, and thereby, as naturally follows, indirectly for you as well as for the Ambassador, Albert, etc.

For the hint regarding Frigate Captain Roehr I am especially grateful. Naturally on the homeward voyage I did not enter into conversation with English officers, of whom there were two on board, but cut them with the sharpness of a knife.

On the other hand, I put myself on a good footing with the Investigation Committee at Falmouth which was extremely profitable, was tactically the only right thing to do, and for which I am at any time fully in a position to account.

Apparently you did that too, for the engineer officer belonging to the committee said to me on my departure that he never would have thought you and I were such awfully nice fellows; people manifestly took us for thievish and murderous characters.

This bearing toward enemies with whom one comes into contact officially has its parallel in many instances, for example, in an encounter with officers taken prisoner.

I assume that Frigate Captain Roehr made the remark to you without reserve, and I will obtain for myself an explanation in this case.

This letter is interesting as illustrating the essentially tortuous character of the Prussian mind, and for the cold-blooded deliberation with which he proposed to deal with anyone within his reach who had the temerity to criticize his actions, for there is but little doubt that he was hinting at a duel with Captain Roehr, a favorite resource to extricate himself from a difficulty, which appears rather less cryptically in a later letter.

Von Papen replied, and his reply brought the following from Boy-Ed:

Confidential: Please destroy.

BERLIN, *December 16, 1916.*

For your friendly letter of the 12th instant, many thanks.

For the present I cannot fully satisfy your wish to receive the New York letter in your own hands, as Excellency Von Muller is not accessible to me, and my own Chief, who would have to refer to Von Muller, is away on leave.

On the other hand, I have come to the conclusion, after consultation with the Chief of the Section at the Admiralty, that since the letter has become an official matter for me, I can hand it over to you without outraging my own conscience.

To-day, however, that can only be the case with that portion that affects you and me, which I have had specially copied.

In the meantime the following has happened:

(1) The Chief of the Marine Cabinet has ordered an immediate report from the Admiralty Staff for His Majesty, so far as I am concerned.

(2) The New York letter and the part I played are lost sight of by the Imperial Chancellor in the attacks which its author makes against Bernstorff and Dernburg.*

* Not reproduced in these papers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(3) The Chief of the Marine Cabinet passed the New York letter to the Chief of the Military Cabinet, who simply returned it without comment.

(4) The Secretary of State of the Imperial Navy, under whose orders I am, as I am too under those of the Chief of the Admiralty Staff, declined at any cost to support me in making my complaint and told the Chief of the Admiralty Staff of his refusal.

(5) The Chief of the Admiralty Staff, therefore, had the matter up again for consideration.

It would almost seem as though you and I would have to keep step with the Foreign Office, who, if it considers a complaint as out of the question on account of disturbing consequences, might compel us too to desist from it, as the Bernstorff case, on admission of evidence, could hardly be separated from us.

I agree with you that the peace offer can be a brilliant thing for us if cleverly carried out; there is, however, a widely-spread fear in political circles that if our enemies show themselves inclined to accept it, we shall not get much out of the peace.

I have just received news from Admiral Von Usslar,* Prince Henry's Chief of Staff, that he had put my view of the New York letter before His Royal Highness, who stated that he attached no value at all to the letter, which he had seen some time ago, as he consistently disregarded all anonymous letters.

On that occasion, to my knowledge, he handed on the dirty work to His Majesty.

A week later he wrote again, being by this time very uneasy in his mind as to the view the Kaiser, always merciless to those who made mistakes, would take of the petition to the Throne, which seems to have called for condign punishment:

BERLIN, *December 23, 1916.*

My New York letter affair is unfortunately, to my mind, in an unfavorable condition, as the Foreign Office (Count Montgelas and Count Wedell) takes up the standpoint that it does not pay to make any fuss about the wretched business. The gentlemen also fear that an action for slander would stir up all sorts of undesirable things, and Count Wedell mentions your name especially in this connection.

I have already informed you that the incidents affecting my person have been made the subject of a petition, and I might also add that the Crown Prince and Prince Henry, to whom the letter is known to have gone, have received a copy of the petition to the Throne.

By January, 1917, his fears seem to have been largely allayed, for, writing to his friend at that time, he does not refer to the matter, but contents himself with a cursory review of the political aspect. It is instructive to find that the war has by now assumed the character of a *Jehad*, or holy war, in the minds of the German nation:

BERLIN, *January 2, 1917.*

Many thanks for your last letter. It was perfectly natural that the Entente declined the peace offer, as its acceptance would unquestionably have been regarded as an admission of defeat.

It is also psychologically clear and proper that they refused the offer so harshly and brutally, for otherwise the Entente Governments could not have faced their own peoples.

They were obliged to resurrect an anger by fresh incitements of coarse words and lies, which cannot be, as in the case of our own people, a 'holy' one, since the inward moral incentives thereto are lacking.

It is a matter of delight to me that one can regard with confidence both our land and naval conduct of the war, gladly though I would have seen the war speedily ended.

By March, 1917, his fears had revived afresh, and it is illuminating to note the solution of his difficulties that he proposes, though how it would put an end to the circulation of the letter he does not condescend to explain; even *his* genius had its limitations.

The Von Igel referred to belonged to the German Embassy at Washington in some minor capacity, is referred to further in one of Count Bernstorff's letters which follows, and was later recalled to Germany for military duty, joining the artillery at Juterborg for training before proceeding to the front:

BERLIN, *March 3, 1917.*

The enclosed letter from Von Igel is for your private information, and perhaps when you

* Formerly German Naval Attaché at the Embassy in London.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have read it, it were best to destroy it in the interests of safety.* Perhaps the simplest solution of the whole thing would be if we six, each in his turn, took Mr. Hossenfelder's friends who are gathered in the Fatherland in hand, in some quiet corner of the Grunewald.† Considering the by no means inconsiderable target which this pothouse-broadened figure offers, it should not be difficult for me, with the aid of my shooting skill, which was not gained in the Somme battles, to hit the least noble part of my adversary.

The last letter of the series is dated some five months later, when matters appear to have got beyond his control:

BERLIN, *August 18, 1917.*

I should be very thankful to you for a letter to the effect that I consistently declined all sabotage, etc., undertakings during my stay in the United States from the beginning of the war.

You will remember I went so far in the case of Canada as to ask you to put me on the footing of your senior in rank, and thus to forbid you the undertaking ordered you, a purposeless one, as I foresaw from the beginning.

You will further probably remember the conversation we had in the German Club at New York with Rintelen, in the presence of Herr Pavenstedt, regarding the Lusitania.

On this occasion, too, I warned you against the affair on account of the insufficiency of the preparations and the means at disposal, the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of a thoroughgoing result, and before aught else, on account of the exceptional likelihood of a very early discovery of the perpetrators and the inconceivable consequences.

This closes the correspondence, but an extract from his reply to the Admiralty is appended, which was no doubt sent to Von Papen to keep him *au courant* of the affairs in which they were both so closely interested.

In it he says that the first part of the letter contained attacks upon members of the Embassy, Dernburg, Igel, etc., and that the second part, which was political, dealt with the increased severity of submarine warfare and its probable effect in the United States. He then adds:

The writer of the letter then goes on to say that I made a great mistake and lowered myself, in that, on departing, I had read the press a lesson and declared that a special press law must be passed for protection of the public from insults.

He then explains that in drawing up this address he had the aid of Mr. Samuel Untermyer, a leading Democratic politician, who had often assisted the Ambassador in an honorary capacity in legal questions and who came to Boy-Ed and said he must make the best of his exit. Mr. Untermyer is alleged to have drawn up a seven-page farewell document, from which Boy-Ed then excised all the biting remarks.

As proof of his own and Von Papen's popularity, he cites the fact that two months after their departure the Deutscher Kriegerbund made them both honorary members of the Bund, an honor hitherto only shared by Prince Henry of Prussia and Grand Admiral Von Koster, and quotes a farewell ode composed to him by Hermann Ridder's son in the New York *Staatszeitung*.

The only comments necessary on these two proofs of his popularity are that the letter of election to the Kriegerbund, which he appears to regard as a complete discharge for all his sins, is entirely silent on the voting by which the election was secured, that is, whether it was a snatch vote or unanimous, and that the Hermann Ridder referred to was a notorious pro-German who consistently advocated the German cause in his paper till he found it too hazardous a performance to continue.

*The letter is not reproduced, being merely abuse.

†The 'six' referred to are presumably Boy-Ed, Papen, Igel, Bernstorff, Albert, and Dernburg, and the Grunewald is a well-known forest near Berlin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn* (Soviet Official Economic Journal), *January 28*]

COMPULSORY LABOR IN RUSSIA

BY LEO TROTZKY

Of course the trade unions must share in the task of organizing our labor armies, either directly or through the registration and distribution offices of the Commissariat of Labor. This is the office which makes a census of workers and assigns them their duties.

So far as skilled labor is concerned, these functions can be left mainly to the trade unions. Other machinery is necessary only where the trade unions do not cover the field. I speak particularly of compulsion, because labor service presupposes the right of the state to say to the skilled workman who has betaken himself to his native village, where he occupies his time with unimportant duties: 'You must leave here and go to the Sormova or to the factory of Kolomo because you are needed there.'

Labor service means that the skilled workman, when he leaves the ranks of the army must take his workbook in hand and go where his services are required, in compliance with a plan of labor distribution laid out for the whole country. Labor service assumes the right of the state — of the workmen's state — to order a worker to leave his employment at home — and certainly to leave a parasitic, speculative pursuit — to report at a central, state enterprise which requires the special kind of service he is qualified to render. It further assumes the right of transferring labor from one enterprise to another according to an economic plan, or because of the proximity of raw materials or the presence of other particular advantages at a specific place. This is entirely within the right of a government exercising a centralized, specialized control over production. From this it follows that we may mobilize our workers according to a definite, general, economic plan.

We shall encounter many difficulties. The scheme here presented is merely a rough draft, because those who prepared it were obliged to reckon with many unknown quantities. For example, we do not know yet what the Urals will give us. We have formed our estimates on the assumption that we can obtain immediately 25 per cent of the former output in the extractive industries, and 38 per cent in the skilled trades. We do not know whether we shall be able to accomplish this. How much will the Donetz Basin give us? Shall we capture the oil fields of Baku? Shall we reach Grotzny? There are many such unknown elements in the problem, which make the plans of the Supreme Council of National Economy still indefinite and uncertain. That accounts for a lack of preciseness in the amount of labor we shall require. These estimates will be corrected on a basis of practical experience. Comrade Rykov will not be able to give us a draft of a final working scheme until perhaps a couple of years from now. In any case he cannot do it to-day. Still, it should be a source of satisfaction that we have a plan susceptible of constant improvement and consistent with our theory of centralized production.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How can we mobilize our peasant laborers? Of course, any plan of labor organization we adopt must consult the conditions of the peasants and cause them the least possible inconvenience. The peasants must lose the minimum of time and effort in traveling from point to point. They must be mobilized as close as possible to the points where they will be employed. They must be mobilized, if that be possible, at a time when their labor at home can most conveniently be dispensed with.

Here we face the enormous task of adjusting our measures for drafting labor to the conditions presented by seasonal and by all-year workers respectively, and to conditions of age and sex.

This task will involve classifying our industries geographically. We must have a mobilization map showing the principal centres of industry which make demands for labor. These are practical aspects of the problem which we can discuss at present only in a very general way; but an agency must be created to deal with those questions.

The Commission on Labor Service has come to the conclusion that such an agency as I have just mentioned must be established. It is to be called 'The Main Committee on Labor Service' and will be directly subordinate to the Soviet of Defense. Our Soviet of Defense has been a great All-Russian 'prime-mover' in our military tasks, and in mobilizing other departments to assist in the work of defense. The Soviet of Defense should be converted immediately into a Soviet of Labor and Defense, but not in order to supplant other economic bureaus. The direction of industry should remain entirely in the hands of the Supreme Council of National Economy and its local agencies. The direction of agriculture should stay under the control of the People's Commissariat of Agriculture. But the Soviet of Labor and Defense should bring about such a transfer of resources and labor power in the industrial field as it recently accomplished in connection with our workingmen's-peasants' defense. This explains why the Main Committee on Labor Service, which in the opinion of our Commission should consist of representatives of the People's Commissariat of Labor — from the latter's section on registration and distribution of labor — must work in close touch with the trade unions, with the People's Commissariat of the Interior, and with the mobilization board of the All-Russian General Staff of the People's Commissariat of War.

Bringing the military department into this work is so obviously necessary as to require no proof. Up to the present our military department is the only branch of the government which has had experience with a general registration of the people for the purpose of mobilizing troops, with the practical details of conducting such a mobilization, and with the employment of compulsion when necessary to accomplish it. We must employ the machinery already in existence, though we may find it difficult to decide just how the organization controlled by the People's Commissariat of Labor will be coördinated with the Mobilization Section of the Army Office. Questions of personnel and the like still remain to be solved, but they are matters of secondary importance.

We shall have to create similar local agencies in the provinces, cities, and districts, consisting of representatives of the labor office, of the local administration, and of the army office. This group of three will appoint a local committee of labor service, and this committee will supervise and direct the mobilization of the workers for two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

purposes: To fill the requisitions received from the central government, and to fill the requisitions for local labor required by cities, provinces, and districts. Here again we shall face the task of coördinating the requisitions for labor presented by the central government, with those presented by the local governments. And in such instances the requisitions of the central administration must have priority.

This is in outline the apparatus for organizing our labor supply, which under the general supervision of the Soviet of Defense is to furnish labor for putting into effect immediately our general plan of state production, and at the same time impress upon the masses of the peasantry the fact that the new government obligates them to give a certain share of their labor and strength, either as a loan or as an advance payment, to the Soviet state, which labor will eventually be repaid in the form of city manufactures and in the fruits of city culture and enlightenment.

Unless we have such government machinery and a complete enrollment of labor, which will enable us to convert our theories into practice, we shall not be able to enforce labor service generally throughout the country.

Comrades! This is the one field where the machinery of the military department, where its habits of thought, and methods of action, can be profitably adopted by our industrial administration. This question of thus enlisting the service of the army in the field of industry, and of applying to the latter field army methods and procedure, has been widely discussed and debated. How could it be otherwise? We are at the parting of the ways.

Now, not only in regard to military matters, but in regard to other branches of the administration, the collective thinking of the progressive elements of the working classes — of trade unions, of political party organizations, of Soviets — has converged upon a single point. This is not the result of accident. In spite of their defects — and all our institutions have their faults — these are departments of the government which will inevitably grow stronger, which can neither be destroyed nor created by a stroke of the pen. We have reached a turning point in the sense that these institutions must be reinforced by fresh accessions of strength, by a much larger number of workers, and by a greater mobilization of producers for industrial tasks than we brought about even in case of the army itself. In this instance beyond question quantity stands for quality.

Mobilizing thousands of the proletariat for the army regenerates the army. Transferring the best workers and organizers from the army to industry will enrich in the highest degree our industrial life. I believe that these men will take back to their old pursuits not only their previous trade experience and knowledge, but also a new experience which ordinary workers do not possess.

If we have to mobilize hundreds of thousands and millions of peasants on the one hand, and the workers of the city on the other, I ask: What department of our government has had the widest experience of a kind likely to qualify it to organize, unify, discipline, and direct these multitudes? Who are better qualified than the workingmen who have served as regimental, brigade, and division commissioners in the armies, and who have commanded and led to battle thousands and tens of thousands of these same peasants? Those metal workers and textile workers whom you gave us for service at the front, now enjoy the enormous advantage of having lived in intimate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contact with the rank and file of the peasantry at the front and in the fire of battle — a contact with the armed and organized proletariat which they never enjoyed before. They shared the life of these people in battle and in the hardships of the campaign, retreating, going hungry for days, in the crises of desertion and demoralization, and in their heroic recoveries and offensives. They inspired these masses with the fire of Socialism, the fire of struggle for the workman's ideals. They imposed their iron discipline when these people revolted and violated orders. The workingmen who have spent a year or two in the ranks of the army have forgotten nothing of what they learned in factories and mills. They have retained that knowledge, but they will return to their tasks with what they have learned at the front as well. They have learned to organize and to lead men by tens and hundreds of thousands, and they have learned this under the most difficult conditions.

Bringing all this experience back into our economic life, they will be able to mobilize hundreds and thousands and millions of peasants. Just as they fought against the White Guards, now they will fight against hunger and economic chaos. They will labor to solve our fuel problem, on our construction enterprises, and in the production of food. There is no limit to the work of this kind that awaits their hands. In all these tasks they will have use for the experience they have acquired, tested, and demonstrated in the war, experience which they will develop still further by their initiative and organizing ability. This is why it is a matter of enormous importance to restore to our economic life the progressive workmen who have passed through the school of war.

There have been many misunderstandings on these points. When these questions are discussed some of our comrades imagine that we plan to put military specialists in charge of factories and mills. Newspapers have stated that we were preparing to militarize industry by putting professional army officers in control of factories. This is absolute nonsense. Such a thought never occurred to any serious-minded person. When we speak of inspiring our industrial life with the military spirit we mean that we want to introduce, through the progressive workingmen who have been graduated from the school of war, their ability to lead and direct and take in hand the backward peasant masses. But we expect still more from these workingmen veterans.

Comrades! At the front these workingmen learned greater responsibility, greater precision in execution. They learned it under circumstances which would not have existed in any other field. The lives of thousands depended directly on the regimental commissioners and the regimental commanders. We have many workingmen who commanded brigades, regiments, and divisions. Upon the precision and firmness of these commissioners and commanders everything depended. There, such workingmen learned to appreciate the importance of discipline, of responsibility, of the exact execution of orders, and the value of time. They will help us to introduce these qualities in our industrial life.

Accomplishment, exact accomplishment, is the most important principle of military science, and we must apply this to the field of production. We are not justified in taking the same attitude toward militarism in the abstract that we took toward the military machine of the bourgeois class. There are two sides even to bourgeois militarism. In one aspect it is the culmination of class rule and of the subjection of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toilers to the violence of the exploiters. In a society so organized that there are landlords and peasants, capitalists and proletarians, the military organization has its colonels and generals, and also its oppressed soldiers. Economic dependence here acquires a barbarous character, because the army exists to defend special privilege, and all the characteristics of the old social order, both positive and negative, are reflected in the organization of the army. An army exploits téchnique and tries to bring the latter to the highest perfection.

For example, despite our poverty, our disorganized munitions industries produced a maximum under the direction of Comrade Rykov, because they were driven by the impulse of war necessity. We could exist without tea, sugar, and boots, but we had to have cartridges. To be sure there were days and months when our supply of cartridges was at the minimum, when this branch of industry was not organized; but now we have even a reserve, and this reserve is increasing.

War is a difficult trade, in which a trifling error may cost thousands of lives and even imperil the existence of a state. Therefore, solidarity and precision are developed in that trade to the highest point. Some comrades say that all this was directed toward destruction and that we are incapable of constructive effort. This is a very crude mistake. Take capitalism, and you will observe how it values administrators who have gone through the school of war. Who organized the best schools in Germany? Men who had military training. Army officers are also among the best railway administrators of Germany. That government values the military training which the army system gives to its working people. So it is impossible to say that this experience incapacitates a man for industrial service. The workingman from Sormovo who has served as a regimental commissioner and who returns to the factory either as a superintendent or as a workman, will not be a disorganizing influence but a promoter of precision, of prompt execution, and of the sense of responsibility which are characteristic of army life. And the task of the Communists is to strengthen economic life with the military principle.

We men of the military department must accommodate ourselves in turn to the demands of industrial service. In every branch of industry there will be military circuits, and gradually, as the burdens of our campaign against foreign enemies fall from our shoulders, we shall revert to the militia system.

What is the militia system? It means that the people of a certain district will form a regiment or brigade just where it lives. The framework of this organization and its commanding personnel will already be at hand. Who will compose the officers? It will be our task to make our Red masterworkmen — the new engineers, factory managers, superintendents, and foremen — our regimental commanders and generals and battalion commanders. We must organize officer schools in the main industrial centres, so that every student may become an officer while superintending the factory or shop where he is employed.

The peasants in the country tributary to each industrial centre must come under its direction. Thus a given district with its factories in the centre will be simultaneously an industrial department and a military department. As our army becomes adjusted to economic service, our industrial life will acquire these elements of militarism which are vital to its efficiency, such as precision of execution, and will adopt the same attitude of obedience to economic orders that it observes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toward military orders. This is absolutely essential, because the same ruin now threatens our industrial life that would threaten our military success if we disregarded these qualities.

Comrades! There is still a third problem which has been forced upon us by the course of events. That is the problem of merging the existing army with labor. This means converting whole military detachments and whole armies into labor detachments and labor armies.

A few weeks ago the Revolutionary Military Soviet of the Third Army proposed to the Soviet of Defense to employ this army which, having completed its military task, had no more enemies to face, for a period as an army of labor, without demobilizing it or destroying its organization or sacrificing its military experience. After the army authorities and the industrial authorities had conferred over this suggestion, it was approved and its execution was entrusted with certain modifications to the Soviet of Defense.

[*Vorwärts* (Conservative Socialist Daily), *March 27*]

THE ARMY AND THE KAPP REVOLT

BY GUSTAV NOSKE

We were able to keep in the service, in December, 1918, only a pitiful remnant of the ruins of the old army and its officer corps. During the first days of January, 1919, the Berlin government had no loyal military support. A skeleton of a few units still existed around the old military headquarters. My task was to create a new military force from the ground up. I had to utilize whatever presented itself in the way of officers and men. This had to be done speedily. Appeals were arriving constantly from Berlin to bring help at once. Monday afternoon, at the time of the Spartacan revolt, I fixed my headquarters at Dalhem, and the following Saturday I was able to march to Berlin at the head of several thousand men, and to take possession of the greater part of the city during the days that immediately followed.

Directly thereafter we began to recruit troops throughout the whole country for the National Guard, the Volunteer Corps, and the Baltic army. It was quite impossible to follow a uniform and systematic plan. We did not have the organization to do this. Recruiting offices sprang up more or less spontaneously. Calls to enlist in different units filled whole pages in the newspapers. The only people who objected to such measures at the time were the people who opposed law and order of any kind.

While this recruiting was under way we seemed to have returned to the days of Wallenstein. Enterprising, aggressive officers speedily surrounded themselves with veterans. Their old subordinates rallied around them, and they departed forthwith to defend the border, to stand watch in the Baltic Provinces, or to suppress domestic disorders.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many men of ill repute took refuge in this new organization. Swindlers went from one recruiting office to another in order to obtain uniforms. During the war our soldiers had become brutalized and lawless, and their ideas of *meum* and *tuum* had vanished. A comparatively safe military service along the frontiers, or an opportunity to travel about the country at government expense, appealed most strongly to the restless and unsettled. In spite of that, a majority of the recruits were incontestably fine men, who preferred the life of a soldier, with regular meals and sure pay, to idleness in the streets.

Many painful and outrageous incidents nevertheless occurred. We had to take stern measures to purge our forces of the criminal elements, and to inflict harsh punishments. Thousands were dishonorably discharged, and young fellows and unemployed workers took their places. Most of our recruits enlisted for only three months. Many of our units, including the non-commissioned officers, were little more than uniformed battalions of unemployed. Gradually discipline improved. There were companies where from 30 to 40 per cent were bakers and butchers. As soon as a man got a good job, he left the army. The turnover of enlistments in most units was simply enormous.

In Courland and Lithuania, along the frontiers of East and West Prussia, and in Upper Silesia, our soldiers were scattered for months in outlying villages. Their time was employed in learning military tactics and in standing guard. Small detachments were constantly moved hither and thither. Under such conditions could we be expected to educate these people to be good Republicans? If I had possessed more facilities than I did for instructing my men, I could have accomplished nothing during this constant change in personnel and in the location of our units.

Taken generally, the army is not hostile to the revolution. During the hysteria of the moment, greatly exaggerated opinions regarding our soldiers are receiving credit; and, to the great injury of everyone, unjust distrust of the army exists and our troops are slandered.

What has just happened only confirms my prediction, that any man who tried to employ the National Guard in a counter-revolutionary enterprise would destroy it, because the rank and file, the non-commissioned officers, and the commissioned officers, are never in agreement politically. The only exception is in case of a very few remnants of the Volunteer Corps.

When the common soldiers did not know that they were being misused against the government, they willingly obeyed the commands of certain perjured officers, who broke their oath of allegiance; but as soon as the rank and file knew the actual situation, they for the most part turned bitterly against those officers.

The common soldiers of the National Guard neither wished, nor wish now, a restoration of the old conditions in Germany. It must be admitted without reservation that their political opinions, so far as they have any, are too one-sided. That is an inescapable consequence of the general political situation.

A year ago even the Independent Socialists in East Prussia were clamoring for us to save their province from the Russian Red armies. Therefore we recruited troops for Courland and Lithuania with the slogan, 'Protect your firesides from the Bolsheviki.' Our border guards in West Prussia and Upper Silesia were naturally more or less Chauvinist, because they were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

protecting German soil from Polish aggression. They were fond of decorating themselves with the old German colors, black, white, and red. For more than a year they were in service on the border. Long after the war had ended many of them were still fighting. When these forces returned home several of the newspapers made a great outcry because they still retained the old Imperial colors, although different colors had been officially adopted in the interval. What was a matter of course in June last year was looked upon in the following January as a challenge to the government. So we had an unhappy dispute over the mere matter of colors. German vessels were still plying the deep, carrying the black, white, and red flag. I was called upon promptly to make it clear to our soldiers that these colors were no longer permissible, because they were being employed by German Nationalists for purposes of political propaganda.

In January, 1919, Berlin and part of the country outside the city were in terror of the Spartacans. This fear had good grounds. Side by side with idealists, cranks, and fools, the worst elements of society were covering their criminal designs with the mantle of revolution, and — what was still more threatening — they were taking up arms. At the direction of the government I called for volunteers to oppose the Spartacans. Violence and terror ruled not only in Berlin, but likewise in Bremen, Brunswick, the industrial regions of the West, and later in Halle and Munich.

Having obtained possession of the reins of power, the German proletariat could think of nothing better than to fight each other. I believed, and still believe, that the Soviet form of social organization which the Radicals were trying to impose upon us would completely ruin Germany. When folly and madness rage they must be suppressed by force. Naturally, therefore, the troops were used against the Spartacans. The incessant attacks of the Radicals gave us no leisure to form our little army of defense from the choicest men, or to train it in Socialist theories so that it would have the spontaneous political versatility necessary to about-face with the speed of lightning and crush the Kapp revolt in a moment.

Our officers in the Volunteer Corps are not bad citizens. Practically without exception they are old veterans who have distinguished themselves in the war. Many of them are adepts in winning the confidence and loyalty of their men. Common soldiers will follow such leaders without question. Ehrhard and Lüttwitz and other commanders are leaders of this kind.

From the strictly military standpoint such organizations are models. From the political point of view they are a constant source of solicitude and anxiety. In the hands of a man like Ehrhard the Second Marine Brigade became a real peril to the state. Any group of veteran soldiers may be moulded into a prætorian band by the hands of a gifted and skillful leader. I never overlooked this danger. On account of it I quickly limited the size of the Volunteer Corps. Most of them were incorporated in old regiments. Only a few have been permitted to keep their old independent designations.

In the early days of the revolution officers were in many cases refused any form of employment whatever. Gradually a large number tried to get back into military service, simply because they could not make a living at civilian pursuits. We had a great number in the reserve also. Hosts of young fellows had been promoted to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ranks of officers in the course of the war. Practically all of these who did not have an assured position in civil life wanted to get back to the colors. We could have organized quite an army out of officers alone. There were 32,000 who returned from the front in physical condition for further service. An army of 100,000 men, to which we are limited by the Peace Treaty, provides positions for but 4000, so 28,000 had to be disposed of. These wanted at least to be kept in the reserve. Furthermore, many commissioned officers were justly entitled to commissioned rank. As any fair-minded man will recognize, we met many difficulties in making a selection.

I directed that the following qualifications be taken into consideration in making permanent army appointments: prompt offer of services to the new government after the revolution; period of service at the front; professional qualifications; and pecuniary need. Proved democratic opinions, which the press insisted upon so vigorously, were very difficult to establish in the case of most officers. Prussian officers in particular had all been reared to type, and practically without exception they knew nothing of politics. You could not tell by inspecting a man's face whether or not his sympathies were genuinely behind the new government. But we always had ample proof that these men would obey commands and do their duty. Only a serious test would show who were politically reliable.

Investigation shows that a great majority of the officers were wise enough to refuse to join the Kapp-Lüttwitz adventure. It is true that most of these officers do not like the new government. This does not mean that they are counter-revolutionists. But they have not been able to accommodate themselves mentally to the change. No class of the people has been dealt with more foolishly by the Social-Democratic and Democratic newspapers than the officers. Instead of trying to win them over, the press has constantly abused them.

Most officers are just like members of any other class of society — honorable, conscientious gentlemen. The things we charge against them are faults due to their education and to the army system under which they have lived. The officer corps suffered immense losses during the war. With rare exceptions those who served at the front did their full duty. They stuck to their posts and brought their men back home. When they did return to their own people, they were received with attacks, insults, and abuse. Since the revolution thousands of officers have risked their lives repeatedly to maintain order in Germany. Serious blunders have been committed during our lamentable civil strife, and very good reasons for criticism exist. Unhappily, this is only too true of nearly everything that has occurred since our defeat. I have consistently preached against generalizing from the acts and opinions of a few individuals; but I could make no headway against the public impulse to blame all officers for the attitude of a minority.

It was a physical impossibility for any one man to select the officers whom we were to retain permanently. In Baden, Württemburg, and Bavaria, committees chosen from their own number, were entrusted with this important duty. I personally secured the coöperation of the men directly interested to assist in selecting the men to be retained in the army and navy. Warrant officers elected their own committees to pick out the men from their own number who were to be promoted. Representatives of the Navy Paymaster's Corps decided who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were to be retained in their branch of service in the diminished fleet. Unhappily I cannot say that this proved entirely satisfactory. Men who were compelled to leave service and to face a most uncertain future were naturally discontented and made complaints. Worry about ways of earning a living caused many petty intrigues. Even generals did not shrink from unbecoming attacks upon their rivals, in order to insure their own retention. Many of those whose status in the service was precarious used to come to me to say what enthusiastic democrats they were. The often-repeated charge that the men of liberal political views were systematically driven from the service, is to be accepted with a large grain of salt.

Under such conditions our army could not settle down. Officers, noncommissioned officers, and soldiers were uncertain how long they would be allowed to remain in their profession. Last summer, when the Peace Treaty was signed at Versailles, we were ordered to reduce our forces to two hundred and fifty thousand by the first of last October. However, months of delay occurred before the treaty went into operation. It was not ratified until January 10. After that, another delay occurred in withdrawing our troops from West Prussia and Upper Silesia, because the Entente troops detailed to occupy these countries were behindhand in arriving.

Our navy was to be reduced to fifteen thousand men by March 10. A separate note from the Entente Control Commission specifically demanded the demobilization of the two marine brigades. The first of these brigades was organized in January, 1919, at Kiel, and consisted exclusively of warrant officers, under officers, and reënlisted men. It was quartered at Berlin, Bremen, and several other points, returning finally to Kiel last autumn. Captains Ehrhard and Loewenfeld organized a second mixed corps at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven on the same model, only from the outset they accepted recruits who had not served previously in the navy. The navy office urged last March that the members of these two corps who wished to join the navy should be discharged from their present service at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. Another portion of these troops were to be enrolled in the National Guard. Nevertheless a large share of them would have to leave the service permanently. This produced great dissatisfaction and made them easy material for ambitious officers to work upon.

Very tardily the Entente granted permission to keep the army at a strength of two hundred thousand men until April 10, and then reduce it to one hundred thousand by July 10. This made another period of delay and uncertainty; for half of these officers and men — between fifty thousand and sixty thousand — would be discharged within six weeks. We had not yet been able to bring back all the Baltic forces. Some of our troops requested discharge promptly on April 1. The demobilization progressed without the slightest friction in most of the provinces. Our principal difficulties arose with the forces retained in East Prussia, West Prussia, and Upper Silesia. These detachments were relatively large. We faced the problem of discharging ten thousand in East Prussia alone.

General Von Lüttwitz made no effort to allay the soldiers' discontent over their prospective discharge, but rather encouraged it by complaining that his troops were inadequately provisioned. I recognized all along that many justifiable wishes of the soldiers could not be granted, or granted only after long delay. Nothing was ever in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tentionally denied them. We promised to do our best to secure land allotments or employment for the men who were demobilized. It takes longer than we might wish, however, to organize farm colonies, especially at a time when we need so urgently to increase our agricultural production. Furthermore, we were not always able to procure suitable employment for the discharged men.

In regard to the commissary, the troops never suffered real hardship. As a rule they were fed at least as well as the working classes. We were not justified in feeding the soldiers materially better than the working people were fed. For a time their pay was sufficient to enable them to buy extras. Lately, however, the soldiers have been appreciably worse off in regard to pay than many workingmen, because the wages of the latter have been raised, while those of the soldiers have remained stationary. We ought to correct this at once. Many of our military units were ill provided with clothing, though we tried to remedy this to the best of our ability considering the general lack of cloth.

Lüttwitz called upon me on several occasions to discuss the wishes of his soldiers, and to talk over also political questions. On such occasions I was surprised at the naïveté of his opinions. I think still that he was sincere. During the very last interview he had with the President, which resulted in his dismissal next day, he still insisted that Ebert should remain in office, and that his soldiers had every confidence that I was doing all in my power in their behalf.

Last summer the prospect of our consenting to the so-called 'disgraceful' paragraphs of the treaty caused great indignation among the officers. I had a conference with several of our commanders at Weimar, where we talked the matter over. General Von Lüttwitz was among those present. Some of these gentlemen were of the opinion that we should refuse to sign, issue an appeal to the nation, and offer armed resistance to the advance of the Entente troops. I resolutely opposed such a project. When it seemed as though a number of our boldest officers would thereupon resign, an action which at that moment would have disorganized our whole army, I stated to my political associates that, if this occurred, it would be useless for me to remain in office. We had several conferences, and when Lüttwitz, Maerker, and the others promised to stick to their posts, I felt justified in remaining in the Cabinet.

After the Kapp revolt occurred plenty of people claimed to have known all the time that it was inevitable. Some papers are very scornful because we at the army office did not foresee everything that happened and take timely precautions. I did not think, it is true, that any officer would be guilty of such miserable treason and perjury. This was hardly due to my credulity: I merely could not conceive that intelligent men would commit such a folly, since they had betrayed no evidence previously of idiocy or insanity. I never received oral reports or read in the papers more than general declamations about a prospective military insurrection. We had no system of spying on our officers. The Prussian administration had organized a Public Safety Commission, and on several occasions I addressed inquiries to it regarding the activities of Kapp, Bauer, and Pabst, without learning anything alarming.

General Von Lüttwitz and the officers associated with him were mainly interested in preventing a further reduction of our army. They were wrapped in the illusion that within a few months the Russians would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attack and overrun Poland. They thought that if Germany completed its disarmament, it would fall an easy prey to the Russian Red armies, especially if their sympathizers in Germany revolted in their favor. When General Von Lüttwitz refused to obey my orders to discharge the Marine Brigade at once, I immediately removed him from his post.

If we had not ordered the immediate demobilization of the Ehrhard Brigade, the Kapp revolt would have been impossible. Other detachments in Berlin did not support it. Its temporary success was due to lack of decision and courage in high places. I had ordered that measures of security be taken, but only the centre of the city was protected. When a group of the highest officers in the service met me late the previous evening, I urged them in vain to visit the barracks with me and to prepare to receive the revolters with armed resistance. Only General Reinhard and my chief of staff endorsed this measure. The Kiel commanders refused to support me. I am still convinced that a couple of dozen machine-gun companies could have stopped the trouble at the outset.

It is not true that the whole National Guard proved itself unreliable. The Berlin Pioneer Regiment drove its own officers away when they urged it to support Kapp and Lüttwitz. In another Berlin regiment only ten or twenty men took their side. All the higher officers at the War Department stood loyally by us. Only Admiral Von Trotha fell from grace, because he so utterly misapprehended the sentiment of the men that he thought this was the only way to keep the Marine Corps together. The very reverse of this occurred. His orders caused our naval officers at Wilhelmshaven and Kiel to commit a tragic blunder. They were promptly ejected from their authority by the enlisted men and warrant officers. What we had accomplished by untold labor and patience in the past year toward reorganizing the navy was destroyed in a moment.

At several places General Lüttwitz's orders were obeyed. It is probable that some officers outside of Berlin were involved in the conspiracy. Others were innocent victims of circumstances. General Von Owen did not immediately notify all our garrisons that Lüttwitz had been removed from his command. So without understanding what had happened in Berlin other commanders naturally obeyed that general's orders. Throughout the whole affair a great majority of the army remained loyal to the legitimate government.

[*Vorwärts* (Conservative Socialist Daily), *February 28*]

CAILLAUX

GERMANS might assume at first blush that they have no interest in the Caillaux trial, and that we have weightier things to think about in our present distress than the charges against the former French Premier, who has at last been brought before the Senate, sitting as a high tribunal, after twenty-five months' imprisonment. But as Socialists, we must interest ourselves in any question which involves justice and humanity.

In this particular case, furthermore, abstract humanity and justice are interwoven with weighty problems of the future — in particular, with reconciliation between Germany and France. That reconciliation has hitherto been prevented by the Peace of Frankfurt and by the Peace of Versailles. For this very reason the treaty which was imposed upon us last May has brought despair to the hearts of real pacifists in both countries. Until real reconciliation occurs be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tween Germany and France, the prospect of war will hang like the sword of Damocles over the nations of Europe; as soon as that reconciliation is accomplished, the peace of the world is assured for centuries.

Caillaux's case is first and foremost the tragedy of a futile effort to reconcile the two neighboring peoples prior to the outbreak of the war. We do not propose to discuss point by point the charges against the accused. We must admit that Caillaux was imprudent and heedless in his conduct — that he was the friend of men who have since been shot for treason. Against this there is a certain set-off in the despicable espionage which Clemenceau's government employed to implicate him in guilt — the employment of police, bribery, theft, and forgery. Nothing was balked at in order to get witnesses and evidence. Last summer, one could read the unsavory narrative of these intrigues in the radical French papers. They gave us the impression that instead of preparations for a great state trial we were witnessing an improbable Sherlock Holmes romance.

In reality, the matter at issue is the pacifist policy which Caillaux followed during the Agadir crisis in the summer of 1911, a policy which in the eyes of all of his political opponents, from President Poincaré to the royalist leader, Léon Daudét, could not be regarded otherwise than a crime. Frenchmen either believed a war of revenge was a holy duty, and that a policy designed to avoid a war was high treason; or they considered the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine not worth the mutual slaughter of nations. To people of the latter belief, Chauvinism seemed a sin endangering the whole community. Whether we consider the assassination of Juarès or the persecution of Caillaux, we come up at once against these irreconcilable views.

In the winter of 1914 the radical parties led by Caillaux had formed a solid front in opposition to the Chauvinist policy of Poincaré, Barthou, and Millerand. By a clever electoral compromise with the Socialists, they won a brilliant victory at the ballot boxes the following May. Although Caillaux was forced to stand aloof from active politics during the months immediately preceding the war, because his wife was being tried for murder, he none the less remained the soul of this greatest of all parties, and the hope of everyone who desired reconciliation between France and Germany.

Is it any wonder, then, that under these circumstances this man remained even after the outbreak of the war the centre of all eyes in Germany, whence we beheld the French nation drifting into a passion of hatred toward us and demanding war to the bitter end? It was inevitable that Caillaux should be the hope of all who sought some exit from the fathomless bath of blood — in the same way that Giolitti was their beacon light in Italy, Count Witte in Russia, and Asquith — as compared with Lloyd George — in England. These were the statesmen from whom we hoped a peace of reconciliation.

Do Caillaux's fellow countrymen consider this a crime? Because they learned in Paris that the German authorities had cautioned the editors of their country to speak of Caillaux with reserve and not to compromise him by too much praise, he is charged with having an 'understanding with the enemy'! But such an official caution explains itself, and no doubt the leaders of the press in London and Paris received similar instructions during the war regarding the attitude they were to take toward particular men in Germany whose opposition seemed not insurmountable. But who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is there in Germany so puerile and idiotic as to consider men whom our opponents purposely spared, or treated with consideration, guilty of high treason? Such things can only happen in a country where hatred of the enemy has assumed pathological form, and where anyone suspected of doubting the justice of war to the bitter end is pilloried as a traitor. The fact that Caillaux, at the beginning of the third year of the war, busied himself with the question as to whether it was desirable to continue it, and discussed this subject not only with public men in France, but also with certain statesmen of the Allied countries, as, for instance, the Italian colonial minister, Martini, has been proved. He refused to admit that the outbreak of the war demonstrated that he had been in error in his policy after Agadir. Last of all, he seems to have recognized at an early date that the only government to profit by an indefinitely protracted war would be England.

Who is there in France to-day who would dispute the truth of this view? Only one error seems to have existed in his calculations — France eventually won. But even in this case, the immediate future may justify him, and show that such a nominal victory will prove a far worse catastrophe for his country than a peace of reconciliation would have been at the end of 1916. Furthermore, it is an irrefragable truth that the Entente owes its victory neither to Foch nor Clemenceau, nor any of its statesmen or generals, but to our Pan-Germans. If these had not forced us to embark upon an unrestricted submarine campaign, and brought about the intervention of America, then, in all likelihood, Caillaux's policy would have been the only salvation of France, and the French people would have praised Providence for giving them a Caillaux to send to the treaty table. Poincaré, Clemenceau, and all these great sages of the Fatherland, need not deceive themselves into believing that the event has proved their wisdom. What they did was to take criminal gamblers' chances with the blood of their fellow countrymen, and the only thing that saved them was the fact that there were still more reckless gamblers on the other side, who bet all their cards on a submarine campaign and lost.

We are not intimate with all the secrets of Wilhelm's diplomacy, but we are convinced that if Jagow, Bernstorff, Lancken, and all the Germans whose names are cited in the list of accused presented by our enemies, should be put under oath, they would be able to say nothing more than that, as was their obvious duty, they attempted to learn what Caillaux's intentions were and to get in touch with him; but that, unfortunately, they failed to do so. However, with the mind of France what it is at present, it is naturally inconceivable that such evidence should be taken, and any word from a German mouth spoken in his favor would only harm his cause. It is possible that even these lines which we print here will be cited against him. Deserted by most of his early party friends and reviled by all but the Socialists, it is far from likely that he will be absolved by the senators who sit as his judges. But in the same way that we shall never cease to express our love and reverence for that great martyr of Socialism, Juarès, so we shall not refrain from recognizing Caillaux's noble motives. It is the idea of reconciliation between Germany and France that stands in the prisoner's box.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*The Anglo-French Review*]

SOME FURTHER NOTES ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY LORD CHARNWOOD

THE present article is undertaken for the following reason: A few years ago I wrote in haste and under pressure a Life of Abraham Lincoln, which has succeeded beyond any expectations which I could have entertained at the time. It has brought me into correspondence, and often into delightful relations of friendship, with many of Lincoln's countrymen; it procured me, in the autumn of 1918, the enjoyment of a most interesting travel in America, and the honor of taking part in the Centennial celebrations of Lincoln's own state; it has received careful and most kind attention from men distinguished in the public life of America and from the American historians whose favorable judgment I should most have desired.

It follows inevitably that there is much by way of commentary on my book which I should like some time to say; I happen to dislike long rambling prefaces to the later edition of books, but it might be useful to other students of my subject, as well as entertaining to myself, that I should set down my observations on this matter somewhere. Hence this article of which the character may best be described by the title once chosen by the Abbé Loisy, *Autour d'un Petit Livre*.

I must begin with an expression of personal gratitude to more people than I can well set forth singly. I am no less grateful to certain members of the generous fraternity of Englishmen of letters than to certain of my American friends, but what I have to say of the latter may be of more interest to the reader. There is something indescribably charming in the generosity with which Americans welcome — one may almost say America welcomes — any frank and sympathetic English writer on things American. It has a significance, on which I will not for the moment dwell, in regard to the puzzling problem of our international relations, but it brings out, too, traits which may, without impertinence, be called characteristically American. A remarkable number of Americans, previously unknown to me, took the pains to write and assure me that I had not fallen into any of the pitfalls of which, as a writer on another country, I had expressed my fear, and then doubled the value of this courtesy by supplying me with painstaking and accurate notes of the minor slips of memory, or of the pen, which I had committed.

One of these friends I may single out, because he is dead. Mr. William Cushing of Cleveland, Ohio, died before I could meet him, as I have since had the happiness of meeting his widow and others of his family, but not before he could establish with me an intimate relation of friendship. As a total stranger he entered into a pleasant correspondence with me, which has left me all but completely equipped, through his scholarly pains, with the means of making the corrections which my book, in a later edition, will need.

One other friend I must name. Of the kindly judgments bestowed on my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

book by reviewers, one more conspicuously than the rest passed the bounds of such praise as I could decently quote about myself. The author of this most gratifying tribute was the historian, Mr. John T. Morse, then a stranger to me, and the author of the one book of similar scope to my own which, to be frank, my book, written thirty years later, may be said to displace. I should find it difficult myself to choose the words which should describe this unusual type of the reviewer's art; but Mr. Morse's article was first brought to my notice by a paragraph in a New York paper under the headline 'Some Sportsman!'

Thus I ought not to affect to ignore in my own case the surprising fact that an Englishman could write a biography of an American hero, which in a little while became a standard book in the public schools of that hero's own state. The fact is the less surprising, but the more interesting, because the like has been done before by Mr. Oliver, Sir George Trevelyan, and (far beyond all others) Lord Bryce. I, in particular, had few special qualifications for this fortunate, but perhaps not difficult, achievement.

When Major Basil Williams, the kindest and most skillfully helpful of editors, persuaded me to undertake this volume in a series which he is editing (and in which, I hope, a Life of Lee by Sir Frederick Maurice will appear before long), I retained, with the freshness with which such things ought to be retained, a boyish but uninstructed enthusiasm for Lincoln, which, like many of my contemporaries, I had conceived long ago; and I had long ago read Mr. Morse's book aforesaid; but I had made no sort of study of my hero. As to my acquaintance with America, I had, nearly thirty years before, in the interval between hearing lectures on Plato and Aristotle and giving such lectures myself, passed several pleasant months in a little market town in the northwest of Iowa, paid a flying visit to California, and passed ten days in Boston; also, more than twenty years before, I had paid another flying visit to Boston and one to New York; but I was in no other way familiar with that vast and rapidly changing country. I wrote my book during the war in the intervals of much work in my own country; I did so because I judged that, if I did it only tolerably well, certain obvious morals for the time would present themselves to all my English readers and perhaps (as I timidly hoped) to one or two Americans.

The praise which I will frankly claim for my performance is mainly that which an idle undergraduate might claim for a well-directed piece of cramming for an examination. I could reasonably have hoped to give an English reader a clear and accurate summary of the unquestionable facts. But I felt sure that on controverted matters, my judgments must often be crude, that I must frequently offend American readers when the touch of sympathy was necessary, and what I may call the local color in my book must generally be painted the wrong shade. It turns out, as I gather, that I have been mysteriously preserved from precisely these apparently inevitable errors.

Such further merit as I can claim in this connection, I have a reason, beyond vanity, for claiming. Having to dance among eggs I determined to dance boldly. I made two resolves. The first was that in controversial matters I would come down on one side of the fence or the other, except when I believed and said that the truth could not be known. The second was that whenever I felt strongly I would speak candidly, paying no re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gard at all to anybody's supposed susceptibilities. The first is, as every reader knows, obvious wisdom in any writer. The second, where international sentiments come into the question, does require a word.

We are all of us interested nowadays in Anglo-American relations. It is time that we were so. It is likely that the fortunes of the world are bound up with good understanding (in the most general sense) between our two countries. And, though a certain kind of fussy propagandism has its dangers in this matter, there are few more vicious affectations than a conceited acquiescence in being misunderstood. Now, in any effort to overcome misunderstandings, candor is the first requisite. Tact is a very valuable by-product of modesty and kindness, but it can hardly exist as a consciously practised virtue. Absolute sincerity of address is a tribute to which human nature everywhere responds, and the American nation mainly consists, I fancy, of uncommonly human men and women.

It has often been asked in America, why, in spite of the fact that some Englishmen jar on some Americans and *vice versa*, can some Englishmen so easily speak acceptably to Americans of America? The question might be turned the other way: Why, we might ask, can Americans, when they choose, almost as easily reverse the process, so that, for example, if an Englishman wants a sympathetic explanation of the politics of his own country in the middle of the eighteenth century, he had better turn to Professor Alvord of the University of Illinois?*

In England the answer in general terms is by now hackneyed. America and England stand in that precise relation to each other which, while it seems peculiarly provocative of small jars and misunderstandings, yet, when they are avoided, makes the clearest understanding easy, mutual appreciation and just criticism most helpful to both parties, and the personal friendships between individuals on either side most rich in inspiration and charm. Geographic and economic conditions, the formal structure of the social system, the machinery and customs of politics, differ between the two countries in a perplexing degree; on the surface of things glaring distinctions stand out and have afforded ample material of commonplace to the superficial observers of several generations.

All the while, in the ordinary homes of ordinary people, the same stock of ideas, moral, religious, and so forth, has gone on producing very similar types of men and women with just the same interests, standards, and aims. It is these ordinary people, who appear little in the newspapers, and not the largely fictitious or prehistoric English aristocrat, or the much more largely real and extant American plutocrat, who in the main constitute the two nations. Of course it must be admitted that these fundamentally similar common people on either side have their differences of language, conventions, and personal bearing which, when they do not happen to be good fellows, may fill them with ridiculous mutual contempt; but that is the exception when they really have to work together.

But while this is a familiar reflection to us, it is surprising, indeed a little jarring to us, to find that this essential kinship (not to beg by the use of this term any doubtful question as to the influence of race) is not so well recognized in current American thought. In some of the most delight-

* See *The Mississippi Valley in British Politics*, by Clarence Walworth Alvord. The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, U.S.A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful expressions of cordial courtesy which I met with abundantly in America, I was conscious of a politely veiled surprise that any Englishman could write with due appreciation of Lincoln. In its simplest form this surprise had of course nothing in it that could annoy. But I met with a refinement of it on the part of a most accomplished writer, beloved in this country as well as in his own, Mr. W. D. Howells, which did cause me a moment's ungrateful irritation. How, asked this most kindly writer in a recent article, could a proper appreciation of Abraham Lincoln have come to exist in the breast of so degraded a being as a British peer? The explanation of the mystery was apparently to be found in the recent origin of the peerage in question; longer association with the House of Lords, or descent from some historic personage of distinction, would certainly have deprived me of the capacity of recognizing true greatness in the son of a pioneer.

There was, evidently, something seriously intended in the good-natured and gracefully-worded piece of jesting which I am recalling (it concluded with a very grave suggestion that the abolition of the House of Lords was necessary to true friendship between our countries). With that total lack of humor which is understood in America to be the birthright of an Englishman, I am inclined to insist that it showed sad forgetfulness of the principle of the equality of man. I am not, however, recurring to it from any deep-seated sense of injury as a member of the despised class in question. I am alluding to it as a trivial illustration of a fact which we Englishmen do well to recognize.

There is in America (along with an unstinted flow of kindly and thoughtful hospitality to individuals of our country) a still vigorous tradition that Englishmen, as such, are likely to be incapable of appreciating native and undecorated human goodness or greatness. The nature of this tradition may perhaps be more closely understood when it is observed that this graceless quality of the Englishman is looked for with more assurance in a peer. Perhaps there is a further implication present that some peculiar abundance of native human goodness and greatness in America may render Englishmen antipathetic to America.

In this particular instance of Abraham Lincoln this fanciful American idea as to Englishmen will be apt to seem to us especially wide of the mark. Apart from the indefinable singularity of genius which marks him off from the men of his country as from those of any other, Lincoln attracts us by a blend of qualities which happens to strike us as entirely English, while it strikes Americans as characteristic of their own soil. Many of us have known in our own village some old rustic with the sort of peculiarities which get a man known as a 'character,' whose combination of honesty, shrewdness, dogged self-respect, humility, patience, kindness, would go far toward classing him in our minds as essentially of the same type as Lincoln. And we flatter ourselves, not without reason, that this type of native worth, with or without the touch of genius added, is as sure of esteem among our own people as it can be among any other.

An American of great culture and high character, whom for obvious reasons I will not name, once corrected his son for the observation that Walter Scott and Abraham Lincoln were the two most lovable characters whom history has made familiar to us. Walter Scott, said this really eminent father, was that great thing, a gentleman, and in this quality Lincoln was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unpardonably lacking. It is hardly possible that such a thing could have been said by an Englishman. It needed a cultured American to say it. Many of the salient traits of Lincoln's character are precisely those which are present in any educated Englishman's mind when, using a term which bears for him no reference to worldly position, he speaks of 'a great gentleman.'

Perhaps we ought not to be much annoyed when we realize that many Americans approach us with the expectation of an unpleasant quality in us from which we had hoped that we were conspicuously free — for certainly we do take ourselves to be a simple and good-hearted people. There is ground for thinking that in former generations 'upper-class' Englishmen at any rate were prone to the narrowness and arrogance which other people, not only Americans, attribute to us.

I am far from believing that the fault is wholly on our side. I have a theory that a certain quality of boastful offensiveness to strangers was part of that tradition which both countries share; that it has lingered a little longer in the more conservative American nation than among ourselves; that our historic quarrels and the longer continuance of a certain antagonism on the American side than on our own are due to this fact.

To examine this suggestion thoroughly would take me beyond the scope of this article, and, writing in England, I am much more concerned to emphasize our own share in the fault. The principal things that need be said on this subject may perhaps appear clearly enough, when I proceed to consider one of the points in my book which has been criticized in the most interesting way — the attitude of England to America during the American Civil War.

The chief criticism upon my book, which one most competent American critic has made, concerns my interpretation not of his country but of mine. Referring to a passage, in which I expressed shame at things which I called odious in the English attitude to the Civil War, but in which I stated also another side to the matter, of which Englishmen may well be proud, he gently hints that I have not painted our fathers' sins black enough, and he suspects me, I think, of ingenious advocacy in what I said in their favor.

On the other hand, one of the greatest Englishmen of our day wrote to me, not long before he died, his special commendation of this particular passage. Lord Cromer was a man of incomparably broad outlook and steady judgment; he was closely associated with America by family interest; he was there during the Civil War and passed some time with Grant's army before Richmond; he was wholeheartedly on the side of the North. He told me of his emphatic agreement with me that Americans of the North were mistaken in thinking that the feelings, during the war, of London and its press (I may add, that the feelings, too, of the majority in Liverpool, with which town also Americans were acquainted) were the feelings of England as a whole. He evidently thought this point worth dwelling upon. So do I.

I admit at once that a very careless sentence in my summary made too light of the long-continued tension which this country's situation as a neutral could hardly fail to involve. I should, moreover, have dwelt more strongly on the deplorable and insolent levity with which the irrational sections of opinion in this country affronted Northerners in our midst who desired and were entitled to our sympathy. But I am more firmly than ever of opinion that the then living and now living England should not be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

judged from these prejudiced or excitable people. Its character was just as truly exemplified by the cotton operatives of Lancashire. These men were at the close of 1861 the class to whom above all others the Civil War meant actual hunger; so they tightened their belts over their hungry bellies, and declared that not if they could help it should the cause of the slaves suffer injury for the sake of that cotton trade which meant South Lancashire's daily bread.

In point of fact, of course, the silent but dominating mass of quiet Englishmen, more of whom were akin to those workingmen than to families which could be called aristocratic, cut no such heroic figure. It was puzzled and it was unimaginative, and being puzzled it was somewhat suspicious. But, in its unvocal way it demanded and it got from its government a policy which was at least honest, and it was never largely swayed by any motive which was not clean and honorable.

Any reader who may wish to study this matter in detail will find a fine chapter dealing with one portion of it in Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's *Life of John Bright*. He will find the whole story well handled from the English point of view in the late Mr. Herbert Paul's *History of Modern England*, a book which is, I think, too little known. But, above all, he will find it set out, with painstaking and accurate but luminous wealth of detail, and with a judgment which is generally acute and always human and generous, in a great American book, the *History of the United States from 1850 to* —— (I hope eventually a very recent year) by Mr. James Ford Rhodes (Macmillan Co.).

The broad facts are well known. Patriotic men in the North, at the crisis of their country's fate, looked to England for sympathy, and got hardly any; they got on the contrary from a surprising and distressing number of quarters plentiful scolding for all the sins of their past, and galling, if natural, misunderstanding of their every action. This is what really hurt; but, inevitably almost, there followed repeated and dangerous collisions, arising from our country's situation as a neutral; and once or twice our government contemplated a foolish intervention, which continued to be pressed upon them by a noisy section in Parliament right up to the time of the really decisive struggles at Gettysburg and Vicksburg. After the war came the long dispute which ended with the arbitration over the claim of damages for the escape of the Alabama and other Southern cruisers from British shipyards.

From the moment that Lord John Russell, who was personally sensitive on this particular matter, left office, there can be little doubt that in this last dispute the balance of credit lay with the British Government, though our fullest acknowledgments are due to Grant, to Hamilton Fish still more, and above all to C. F. Adams. Americans cannot now read with pride the once famous speech of Charles Sumner on this subject — though it is an extraordinary fact that he thought it made for conciliation, and Sir Stafford Northcote, then in Washington, was not displeased at it. On the other hand, they would probably read the speech of Lord Stanley, the Foreign Secretary under his father Lord Derby, as a worthy utterance of international statesmanship. But we need say little of American extravagances in this dispute; for it was America that had suffered.

I dwell upon these ancient misunderstandings because they played an important part in reviving a certain force of ill-will against this country,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which I fancy had previously been dying down, but which, for all the efforts of a great number of representative Americans, is alive to-day. It is for an Englishman to be aware of its existence but not to profess to be able to analyze or to measure it. So I shall say no more of its serious aspect, but I may be allowed to glance at its occasionally amusing features.

So late as the year 1896 a gentleman in Boston thought it worth while to expose the real malignity of the English in a little volume reproducing with a running commentary *Punch's* cartoons of Lincoln. In particular he found proof of the poisonous hatred of all Englishmen for America in the fact that *Punch* sometimes portrayed Lincoln as an animal with human features. He may not have known that every prominent English statesman then and since has received the same treatment at the hands of our caricaturists with good nature and often with pleasure. But he must really have known that, while Lincoln lived, highly cultivated and most loyal people in Boston were at least as unappreciative of him as the English.

I have opened up a wide field of controversy, in much of which, of course, proof is impossible. Moreover, in some points of detail concerning this country an older American, born as I was only a few months before Lincoln died, might well be able to correct me. But I am sure that in treating this subject American writers are prone to a kind of oversight which is not confined to history — an oversight continually and most harmfully occurring in the international relations of year by year and month by month. They attribute altogether too small a part in human affairs to sheer honest misunderstanding.

In their picture of the events of that time there lurks, I fancy, in the background, the spectre of an England — or rather of a supposed sharply distinct governing class in England — eagerly watching and ever upon the pounce (though why it did not pounce when its time came has never been satisfactorily explained). This governing class — not some empty-headed, talkative individuals in it, but the whole base, aristocratic crowd — desires the downfall of the United States both as a trade rival and as a republic. In this picture, which I think radically false, they would freely admit that there is some exaggeration — indeed the margin of difference between myself and my critic is perhaps not so large as I suppose.

But I am sure that few Americans, looking at the England of that day, or even at the England of this day, escape the influence of certain subtle misconceptions about this country socially and politically; I seem to detect constantly the presence of a certain superstition attaching to the word 'aristocracy' and in some degree to the supposed 'monarchical principle.' Englishmen are subject to similar confusions about America, but I think they escape from them more easily.

In writing of that time an American is pretty certain to make mistakes as to who or what was representative of England. He will be unaware of a difference, then more marked than now, between London and England. He will inevitably think of the Lord Robert Cecil of 1861 as a great nobleman about to be Prime Minister and not as a brilliant young free lance, honorably maintaining himself by the use of a mordant pen and advancing himself by the use of a most irresponsible tongue. He will not be aware that the then Lord Derby, actually a great nobleman at the time, had far more ties of sympathy with the workingmen of Lancashire than most great American capitalists have with their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

working class. He will not seek for a typical representative of the then actual governing class (when in its habitual sober senses) in a plain country gentleman like Sir Stafford Northcote, or notice the conduct of Mr. Disraeli as that of the keenest observer of the public mind. Going back a very few years earlier, he will possibly imagine that the Tory statesman, Sir Robert Peel, who was far the strongest man in England, was a man of patrician lineage. In short, the structure of the strange body politic of this old country is apt to escape his analysis. Still more perhaps will he readily misjudge the motives which appealed to its mind. Gravely and seriously an admirable American writer tells us that the English were drawn toward the South by a false belief that Southern gentlemen had aristocratic pedigrees.

Now we here know something of our own elders; many of them were rather snobbish, more of them were not; some of them had inherited pedigrees of their own or bought them with their own honestly earned money; but with none of them can an interest in anybody else's pedigree possibly have had a powerful influence. What is true is that Englishmen were and are (and, I imagine, with reason) often attracted by a certain indefinable quality in Southerners, which has been best described by Frederick Law Olmsted, a certain charm in social intercourse, which we English do not attribute to — ourselves.

There are several points at which this otherwise nebulous question can be brought to the test. And, first, it is undeniable that Northern feeling was naturally enraged by a series of overt acts by our neutral government, in the light of which Americans have regarded the matter ever since, but in which they are now aware that (apart from mere clumsiness and administrative blunders) our government was quite right or at least quite innocent. For example, the early recognition of belligerent rights on the part of the Confederacy was a very stinging thing to the North, and it was actually proposed later on by Sumner that huge damages should be claimed from us for it. But it was certainly the duty of our government in accordance with American legal authorities; it facilitated greatly our full recognition (against our own interests) of the blockade; it was welcomed upon consideration by the stanchest friends of the North here, such as W. E. Forster; and Sumner's idea, that it set on its legs what would otherwise have been an impotent uprising, is now manifestly absurd.

The Trent affair, again, was most exasperating, but there was room for exasperation on our side and we were in the right. The Alabama affair was disastrous — and to certain individual Englishmen disgraceful, but no blame was attributed to the Minister concerned, Lord Russell, except that, which he freely acknowledged in the end, of slowness and meticulous legality, and the incredible fact is true that the harm would never have occurred if a high legal functionary had not chosen a most inconvenient moment for, literally, going mad.

Secondly, since of overt wrongdoing there was none, what about our truly deplorable lack of sympathy for that instinct of the North (against letting their brethren go) which was undoubtedly magnificent, and that resolution in an uphill struggle which was as heroic as ever the resistance of the South? Ought our fathers to have known that this was at bottom a crusade against slavery? Lincoln's First Inaugural did not tell us so; Seward actually instructed his Minister abroad to tell Europe the contrary: General McClellan, when he com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manded the armies of the North, would have perished rather than suppose himself the leader of so 'un-Christian' an enterprise. Ought our fathers to have known that the North was not engaged in a rash and futile resistance to the inevitable?

Certain authorities in the North did tell us so, but they also assured us that the Southern uprising would collapse after a single battle, and they were almost as much in error as we. Ought our fathers to have felt no sympathy at all for the claim of the South to independence or to have been proof against emotional enthusiasm for its gallantry? Could they have been expected on this sufficient occasion — for it was, in calm retrospect, sufficient — to have subdued the traditional, and at that very time most active, impulse of the English mind to take sides with small nations and with insurgents pretty generally? I doubt whether this question would occur to most Americans, because I doubt whether most Americans are even aware that this sentiment is extraordinarily powerful in the British breast.

Thirdly, I am led direct by this observation to the most illustrative test question of all. What manner of person was the chief actor on the English side in this matter, Lord John Russell (Earl Russell, as he was made, during the war), and what were, ascertainably, his real views? To this question I am inclined to suppose that even good historians in America would give, if any, the wildest answer.

Lord John Russell was not a very wise man, and he was not a very great man — physically he was a very frail little man much hampered throughout life by his health. He was insurpassable, moreover, in an angular quality the reverse of diplomatic, which he practised not only on Americans but on his own political supporters, on the hapless duchesses whom he had to meet in society, and on the Queen. But for all that he was one of the most steadfast and courageous champions of civil and religious liberty that ever breathed. His name will always be associated with two of that series of measures which have gradually made this country, in its political aspect, more effectively democratic than the United States. It is equally connected with the story of European freedom, and especially with the movement for the unity and independence of Italy. He was one of those ministers under whom this people made almost its first use of its reformed institutions by buying out its own slave owners with its own, then somewhat straitened, cash. The Whig tradition of his family showed itself in him not in aristocratic but emphatically in republican sentiment, and in the intervals between stiff conversations with C. F. Adams, he could not abstain from gratuitously provoking Queen Victoria by insinuations as to her excessive sympathy with the Austrian monarchy.

Thus when Secession came about he felt nothing but hatred for 'that accursed institution of slavery,' the 'fatal gift' which, as he said, America had received at our hands. He believed, however, that the Union was in extremities; his abler chief, Palmerston, was convinced as early as January, 1861, that its doom was sealed. And while he was 'free to confess that if a despotic government fall . . . it gives me satisfaction,' he uttered in language of unmistakable sincerity his sorrow for the 'jeopardy of a great republic, which has enjoyed for seventy or eighty years institutions under which the people have been free and happy.'

Such was the man whom the perversity of fate and of himself has associated in American memory with that unhallowed ship the Alabama. Several

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

times during the first half of the war he entertained the foolish idea of mediation; and Palmerston himself had to tell him that this could not be till the North was prepared to welcome it. There can, however, be no doubt that in this he was actuated by no hostility to the North, but at worst by an uncalled for solicitude to stop, if he could, the flow of American blood. For the errors, though unquestionable, which so originated, his countrymen are not going to be ashamed.

Something comparable may be taking place to-day. The British Empire in the very act of making further strides in the path of peace, freedom, and justice, is to some extent exposed in America to misunderstanding, and exposed to calumny not less unworthy than that which associated the North with Fugitive-Slave Laws and the traffic in hippopotamus-hide whips. It would not be well that we should reciprocate with exaggerated, or limited, or mean views of what takes place in the United States; a commonwealth as singular and as complex even as this, to some Americans, unintelligible England, and by no means less full than our own of people whose outlook on the world is generous and lofty.

[*The Athenæum*]

OLD CLOTHES

BY ORLO WILLIAMS

SINCE the war we who were in khaki — the men more easily than the women — have been living in the old clothes which, in 1914 or thereabouts, were enthusiastically or regretfully embalmed and laid to mature in wardrobes or old trunks. It is melancholy, indeed, to reflect how many of these suits, carefully folded and redolent of camphor, waited in vain to drape once more the limbs whose shapes they knew so well, now wrapped in the ultimate garment of all mortality. As for the clothing of the hereafter, I find it hard to accept the revelation of *Raymond* that the forms of the departed are clothed in the emanations of defunct earthly suitings; I prefer to imagine the disembodied freed from fleshly fetters, and not bound in their higher state to the daily adjustment of spiritual braces and celestial suspenders.

The physical bliss to be found in this existence, of nude reveling on a strand lapped by summer waves, fanned by a zephyr and warmed by a bland sun, is surely a premonition of a more perfect state in a less constricted life. Be that as it may, it is with the survivors that we are here concerned. If there was any joy among those old clothes at their disentombment by a familiar hand, the joy of their owners at this resurrection, as they consigned their khaki without unction to the grave, was at least as great. Not only was there affectionate recognition of familiar things all but forgotten, not only was there promise of ease after stiffness, and variety after monotony, but there was assurance of wealth — varying, it is true, with the richness of the half-remembered hoard, but wealth real and tangible, a definite and ridiculously enhanced value dwelling in every single article.

Happy indeed was the man who had been extravagant before the war, who counted his shirts by the dozen, who had full measure of socks pressed down and running over, and numbered to every coat two pairs of trousers. If he had been exposed to reproach in earlier days for self-indulgence and vanity, he now proves to have been a wise investor whose investments had appreciated at least one hundred per cent. His many suits, his cupboard full of boots and shoes, his store of ties, were now so much fine gold, promising him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for years immunity from the extortions of after-war clothiers and bootmakers, who, for all their triple charges, could not give him the quality of the days when garments, as it appears to our saddened minds, cost but a song.

Yet he who had been more modest in his acquirements was not unhappy, for who can regard with discontent even half a talent which has brought forth two or threefold, though buried? The one preoccupation of us all, well or sparely provided, has been to reckon how long our old clothes would last, whether they would carry us on till a restored world-trade and, perhaps, an increased earning capacity in ourselves would make the replacement of them a less inconceivable undertaking. Our firm determination has been that we will wear these old suits to their last thread, let the boots crumble to dust upon our feet and the shirts fall in shreds from our backs before we would face the prospect of equipping ourselves anew.

There is nothing to be ashamed of in such a determination; no moral issue is involved in the clothing of the body, save in deciding how much may legitimately be spent on it. But on clothing the mind there is no limit to legitimate expenditure, and a moral question indubitably arises in the consideration of mental old clothes. A parallel may, in some sort, be justly drawn between the effects of the war on our bodily and our mental wardrobes. The putting on of khaki had certainly its counterpart in the refurbishing of the intellectual and emotional self in a war outfit. In this respect there was no distinction between men and women, or between those who fought and those who remained at home. It was an inevitable process for every man and woman, bewildering by its novelty, disconcerting in its effects. Mr. Bernard Shaw in his preface to *Heartbreak House* submits the material of the mental khaki in this country to a ruthless dissection from which, in his judgment, it appears a hideous blend of madness and false sentiment. To Mr. Shaw himself it was a shirt of Nessus. 'I can answer,' he says, 'for at least one person who found the change from the wisdom of Jesus and St. Francis to the morals of Richard III and the madness of Don Quixote extremely irksome. But that change had to be made; and we are all the worse for it, except those for whom it was not really a change at all, but only a relief from hypocrisy.'

As might have been expected, he fails to notice in this abhorrent material certain strands which were brighter to look upon, and might well earn their place in any future textile of the mind — the strands of self-sacrifice, of fortitude, and of enthusiasm for a common end: nevertheless, the war covering of the mind, though there were times when it seemed too familiar ever to be changed, became as intolerable as khaki to the temporary soldier. True, we have shown a greater reluctance to consign it to the lumber room than he his uniform, but with greater reason, since the spiritual conflict has exceeded in length the physical; even now, with the peace ratified, it is hardly over.

It is high time, however, to deck our minds once more in the ordinary garb of peace. The question is whether our old clothes that, in 1914, were metaphorically snatched off our backs by terrific circumstance will do as well for some years longer as the serges and worsteds which the returned warrior is now happily unearthing. No doubt these familiar suits of ideas will fit us just as easily as they did. We can slip into them as smoothly as into an old Norfolk jacket, stretching our mental limbs luxuriously, like tomcats by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fire, in ecstasy at so much comfort after so much stress. We shall not, most of us, have grown out of them, a melancholy commentary on the inches which we supposed the physical and bayonet training of war had added to our mental girth. Even if we find certain of them slightly threadbare, our affection for them will make light of such deficiencies.

Our old political fancy waistcoat, party-colored, how neat it looks! Those stout boots of social prejudice, why, they will last for years. Surely it would be madness to throw them away. Besides, it would be extremely expensive to lay in a complete new outfit. The outlay of time and energy would be almost prohibitive, and our personal command of these resources seems to have diminished as surely as our personal incomes, for we can hardly meet the demands made on either. The temptation certainly is strong to pop on one or two of the most becoming vanities, as we linger before the admirable figure which we cut in our own reflections, and to put the rest of the dear old things away in their accustomed drawers, thus saving our time for pleasanter, or, as we think, more necessary, objects, and serving the interests of economy and comfort.

Those who succumb most easily to the temptation will generally be the ones who would be particularly improved by a new outfit. No two individual cases will be entirely alike. Some—the author of *Heartbreak House*, for instance—have only to take their sage's robe out of camphor and ensue wisdom as before; others have been stripped so naked that, whether they will or no, they must acquire a new covering, be it only one of sackcloth; others, again, whose war garments were as offensive as those they wore in peace, will swagger imperturbably in them to the tomb.

But the average man, if he devote some graver moments to the survey of his mental wardrobe, is bound to be assailed by some misgivings regarding the durability of the things he put away in 1914; or, if they are still in good condition, they may appear too far behind the best fashion of to-day to warrant their retention unaltered. He will not even put his khaki away without reflection, lest he should bury some component of more than transitory value. And he will almost certainly come to the conclusion that modifications are necessary, if he is to cut a decent figure in the world, unless he is content to wrap himself in the old cloak of self-satisfaction and have done with it. The worst of it is that, whatever is necessary to be done, he will have to be his own tailor: the stitching and darning, the taking in and the letting out will have to be performed with the intellectual needle of each Sartor Resartus, for there are no wholesale or retail purveyors of new costumes for the spirit. Let us wish him the sartorial eye of a Poole or a Paquin, so that he may combine simplicity with exquisite taste and perfect workmanship, and fit himself without too many tryings-on.

[*The Times*]

THE PASSING OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

THE good which we are bidden to speak of the dead must be free of the insult of flattery. To flatter the memory of Mrs. Humphry Ward by saying that *Harvest** is worthy of her would be to insult *Robert Elsmere* and *David Grieve* and *Helbeck of Bannisdale*. It is a plain tale of a fine-natured woman torn between love and the fear of revealing her past; and it ends in a cut-

* *Harvest*. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Collins, 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ting of the knot by violent death. Criticism must be bold now, as it will certainly be a few decades hence, to say that Mrs. Ward's later novels were not as good as the novels of her early period and her prime. Therein lies something of a tragic irony. It is generally accepted, we believe, that Mrs. Ward was not a true story-teller. Late in her career, we are told (perhaps not before *The Marriage of William Ashe*), she began to make use of plot, of a 'story' of incident for its own sake. Thence onward, she made more and more use of plot, until, in her penultimate novel, *Cousin Philip*, the exciting incident definitely interferes with the 'idea-plot,' and *Harvest* is little else than a plot of mystery and exciting incident. There lies the irony. During most of her working life her critics were clamoring for 'story'; when she comes to write stories, it is found that she does it no better than a hundred novelists with but a hundredth part of her intellect and her knowledge of life.

Yet a story-teller she was — 'a story-teller to the core,' as was said of her some fifteen years ago in the *Literary Supplement*. She began, not with *Robert Elsmere*, but with *Milly and Olly* and with *Miss Bretherton*. From *Robert Elsmere* to *Eleanor* she was telling the sort of story that she most wanted to tell and that she could tell best. After that her desire to tell stories was unabated; to some extent her power of telling stories was unimpaired. But she had never been (if we may put it so) a 'mere' story-teller. The best of her could find expression only when something else came in to fortify her love of telling stories; and that something else slipped from her grasp simply because her work had done its work. Times had changed and went on changing. In religion and social service her novels had helped, to a degree perhaps not generally realized, to bring about the state of things which she desired to see. In politics, her visioned rule of an enlightened aristocracy had been left a vision by the march of events. Her 'message' had, in fact, been delivered. She turned for her matter to stories of the past, to the world outside England, to the shows of the moment, and used them only for the telling of 'mere' stories; and then it became gradually clear that 'mere' story-telling was not the means through which her peculiar quality as author could find its best expression. What else was needed had been by now diverted into direct social and political service.

The irony of this failure may, perhaps, be regarded as tragic; many a critic has found it so. We are always being assured that Mrs. Humphry Ward was not an 'artist' in fiction; that she could not 'create' character; that she lacked humor; that she was devoid of sensuousness and could not depict passion. Each of the charges has some truth in it. But healthy criticism will always look upon the positive achievement, will try to make out what it is that the author *could* do. We might begin by granting all the charges, and then point to the big balance on the credit side, to relieve us of all idea of tragedy. But the charges must not all be granted. *Helbeck of Bannisdale* alone would prove that its author was an artist; and to that complete work of art could be added a good long list of fragments — the country scenes in *David Grieve;* much of *Sir George Tressady*, especially the scene in which Marcella comes to apologize to Lady Tressady; the interview between Lady Coryston and the Glenwilliam girl in *The Coryston Family;* and — to come down to the latest novels — the scene where Helena

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pitstone, in *Cousin Philip*, waits, because those were her orders, at a safe distance from the riots in the burning town; or in this last novel, *Harvest*, the scene in which Rachel Henderson in her bedroom faces the misery caused by her own want of truth and faith, while downstairs three innocent-hearted women are singing patriotic songs in celebration of the armistice. These and other scenes have the intensity, the self-existence, as it were, which is the mark of the artist's hand. So, too, with some of the descriptions of scenery. There are long, dull, lifeless descriptions in Mrs. Ward's novels. There are also — always when she is up north in her beloved Lake Country, and now and then when she sees with fresh eyes the Buckinghamshire of her adoption — descriptions in which every word is alive and luminous. She could not create character? She created Catherine Elsmere, Laura Fountain, Diana Mallory, Lady Tressady, Fanny Merton, and several other vivid studies in meanness or vulgarity, a dozen or more of quite 'real' young girls, terrible old Elizabeth Mason of Browhead, and more terrible Hannah in *David Grieve*. There are one or two men, also, though not many; they include Helbeck and Lord Wing in *Eltham House* among the characters whom we remember not as embodiments of ideas or principles or social states, but as people whom we have met. For her humor, it was her weakest spot. The lack of it shows most clearly not so much in the absence of 'comic relief,' from which, very wisely, she abstained, as in a constant gravity of the kind commonly called 'portentous.' We think, with pardonable if malicious pleasure, of the caricature by Mr. Max Beerbohm in which a little Mary Augusta Arnold asks her smiling Uncle Matthew why he is 'never wholly serious.' And yet, if Mrs. Ward engaged with high seriousness people and situations that were scarcely worth it, is there not a deeply-lying humor in her treatment, say, of Hannah in *David Grieve* and of Lady Coryston when she had been routed by the Glenwilliam girl, and in her whole relation, as mother or creator, to Laura Fountain, or to Lady Kitty Ashe, or to American Lucy in *Eleanor*? The charge of want of sensuousness will break down at a single consideration of the exquisite delight which Mrs. Ward takes in the beauty of her heroines, of color in landscape, and of those stately homes of England in which she liked to set her people. And as for passion — that is a matter which each reader must settle for himself. If he likes detail about embraces, he will not get it from Mrs. Humphry Ward. But he must be sadly in need of emotional stimulus if he cannot feel that — to take the last book alone — Rachel Henderson was passionately in love with George Ellesborough.

So much for Mrs. Ward's attainment as story-teller. We are inclined to think that, on the whole, it has received less recognition than it deserved, just because our easy, lazy habit of docketing things is threatened by the peculiar quality of her best books. The unit in fiction is supposed to be the person. Is it bound to be so? At any rate, in Mrs. Humphry Ward's case it was not. The unit was a social or intellectual state, involving not one man but many. Such a method is not unparalleled. The units in *Esmond* are surely not the people in the story, but the features of the period. That is not wholly untrue, perhaps, of *The Cloister and the Hearth*. It is certainly true (to turn to another branch of literary art) of Shakespeare's Histories and of *The Dynasts*. The positive achievement of Mrs. Humphry Ward was that, being a story-teller, she chose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to approach story-telling from a new angle. Most of her readers know the passage from the preface of *David Grieve* which says:

> I am so made that I cannot picture a human being's development without wanting to know the whole, his religion as well as his business, his thoughts as well as his actions. I cannot try to reflect my time without taking account of forces which are at least as real and living as any other forces, and have at least as much to do with the drama of human existence about me.

The passage is worth recalling in days when there is a tendency to take it for granted that every novel with an idea or a purpose in it must, *ipso facto*, be a bad novel. But with Mrs. Humphry Ward it went further than that. The real characters in her novels are not this man and that woman, with their loves and hates, even with their thoughts and ideals. There are this or that thought or ideal, this or that social condition or theory of order. Between these, and not between the human characters, comes the clash; and what Mrs. Ward at her best achieved with peculiar success — call it 'art' or not, as we please — was the setting of the board and the conduct of the game between forces wider than any particular character. The popular success of *Robert Elsmere* — a novel of religion, of itself a forbidden and forbidding subject — came from this: that Elsmere's thoughts were, at that period, the thoughts of thousands of men and women who could be reached only through a novel.

In the religious and the political novels she grasps the ideas and tendencies of her time, sets them out faithfully, and develops the conflict between them with a constructive precision and a four-squareness that are not (other things left aside) unworthy of comparison with the mastery of Mr. Hardy. She could see and explain forces and movements in the great world so as to enlarge the vision of those who did not, like her, know the great world from the top. To the last she tried to keep in touch with the mood of the moment and the latest change in the social fabric.

She wrote of herself that the work which seemed to her of her best had been written 'intellectually, following out a logical sequence.' There lay her strength: in her intellectual grasp and method. She 'knew how it ought to be done' and she 'knew how it was done.' But she realized also that —

> there are times and crises in imaginative work when this process seems to be quite superseded by another. Something intervened — a tranced, absorbed state, in which the action of certain normal faculties seemed suspended in order that others might work with exceptional ease — like tools that elves had sharpened in the night.

She trusted those tools too little, and they came too seldom to her hand. They would have given her prose more quality and color to relieve its serene respectability. They would have written for her more books in which, as in *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, the two patterns, the idea pattern and the human pattern, were fused into one. They would have given life-blood and diversity to many of her characters which lack them. Yet to have trusted them more would have been, in the end, to diverge from the high task to which she deliberately devoted her gift for story-telling. It might have left us more lively and racy fiction. It would have resulted in something other than Mrs. Humphry Ward's positive and peculiar achievement.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TWELVE

BY ALEXANDER BLOK

(Specially translated from the Russian for the LIVING AGE*)*

[TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: This poem by Blok is considered the most brilliant piece of literary writing produced during the present Russian crisis. Blok himself is one of the greatest living Russian poets. What his present views are is not known. But the poem represents Blok's view of what took place in Russia during the early stages of the Bolshevist régime, when the poem was written.

Blok's poem is a literary expression of the idea that whatever the present situation in Russia, whatever the cruelty and the horror of the passing moment, there is a mighty force back of it all. This idea is the result of the mysticism, in which for some time past individuals and groups in Russia sought refuge and justification. To them the masses are right, no matter what their action. It is a kind of religious mysticism that was by no means general, but was a very characteristic manifestation of the manifold and many-sided Russian soul. It is doubtful whether there is anything left of this mysticism to-day: the Bolshevist reality could not but have dispelled it.

In the poem, Blok gives a series of poetic figures which present a striking picture of the coming of the Bolshevist régime and the period immediately preceding it. There is a curious reflection of these conditions in the very rhythm of the poem. The ragged, uneven metre of the first stanzas is used, consciously or unconsciously, to exemplify the unsettled condition of the first period of the revolution. Dominated by the idea of the Constituent Assembly and the slogan, 'All power to the Constituent Assembly,' this first period of general chaos and disorganization is full of fear and suspicion. And over all this sweeps a mighty tempest, rising to greater and greater fury.

Then the Bolshevist upheaval comes — represented by the twelve men, graphically described in these lines:

'Their caps are crushed. Each cigarette glares.
The badge of criminals ought to be theirs!'

'Holy Russia' is represented as Katya (or Katka — the form which denotes contempt), the girl, also graphically described as follows:

'Chocolates but the best would suit you,
When in thin, gray spats you stalked?
Only officers would suit you?
Now with soldiers you have walked!'

The masses have arisen, and their march begins. Even though they are represented by the twelve criminals, their march is now more regular, reflected in the regular, beating rhythm that runs through the later stanzas. The twelve march on through Russia, shooting, and robbing, and destroying.

There is an element of regret for some of the things of the past which they are destroying so ruthlessly, in the psychology of the twelve. And there are also gnawing doubts and fears, and attempts to assure themselves, both through words and through needless and often aimless cruelty, that success is bound to come:

'Come, surrender now to me!
I shall get you, get you surely,
Comrade, come, before I fire! . . .'

The sinister twelve of the poem are the destructive power of the Bolshevist revolution. The ugly, hungry hound, trudging along at their heels, is the old world, doomed to perdition. The twelve march forward, bent upon their determined aim:

'For the bourgeois woe and sorrow
We shall start a world-wide fire,
And with blood that fire we'll blend. . . .'

In the process of enkindling this 'world-wide fire,' they shoot down 'Holy Russia,' leaving her lying low, 'all like a carcass in the snow.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But what is back of all this? What is the guiding force that directs this sweeping movement? Is it all chaos, or is there something, mightier than even the elemental fury of the movement? Blok answers these questions in the last lines of his poem:

'With that sovereign step they're walking . . .
While in front, the red flag bearing,
In a wreath of roses white,
Jesus Christ — the guiding light.'

Here we have the apotheosis of the religious note. Christ, in Blok's conception, leads the Russian people who had just risen in an unrestrained rage and fury of destruction. Russian mysticism was responsible for much of the fervor that attached itself to Bolshevism at the beginning of its career in Russia. And Blok in his poem succeeded in catching some of this fervor. But the lights of this fervor did not burn long. They were long ago extinguished with crushing cruelty by the sombre actuality of the Soviet régime.]

I

Black the evening.
White the light.
And the wind, the piercing wind!
On your feet you cannot stand.
Ah, the wind, the wind,
Through the whole wide world!
Growls the wind.
The white snow falls.
And beneath the snow, the ice.
It is slippery all around.
Everyone who passes by
Slips — poor fellow.

From building to building
A rope is stretched.
And on that rope a placard:
'All power to the Constituent Assembly.'
An old woman looks, and weeps.
She does not understand
Why there is such a huge placard,
Such a huge sheet of cloth.
How many children can be clothed with that!
And they are all bare-footed and naked. . . .
The old woman, like a hen,
Flutters over a snowbank.
'Have pity on us, Almighty Mother!
They'll drive me to my grave with this!'
The wind is slashing.
The cold relents not.
A bourgeois on the crossing
Hides his nose in his collar of fur.
And who is this? His hair is long
And he mutters in a low voice,
'The traitors!
Russia is lost!'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He must be a writer,
A poet . . .
And here is a clergyman,
Edging his way to a snowbank.
Why so unhappy,
Comrade priest?
Do you remember, you used to walk,
Your belly stuck forward,
And on it a cross to dazzle the crowd?
Here is a lady in a fur coat,
Talking, talking to another:
'So we wept, and cried.'
She slips . . .
And, oh, she's on the ground.
Hey! Hey!
Lift her up, and away!
But the wind is glad.
It flutters her skirts,
And mows down the passers-by,
And tears, and crushes, and shreds
The huge, huge placard:
'All power to the Constituent Assembly.'

II

The wind is jolly. Glad flits the snow.
The twelve walk on, unhurried, slow.
The straps of their rifles are black as night,
And all around them, light upon light. . . .
Their caps are crushed. Each cigarette glares.
The badge of criminals ought to be theirs!
Liberty, liberty,
Without the cross!
Cold, comrades, cold!
'Katka and Vanka are there, in the tavern.
Katka has bills in her stocking.
And Vanka, too, is now rich.
He used to be ours, but now he's a soldier.
Vanka, Vanka, you, bourgeois son of a gun,
Just try to kiss my girl, the one
I love. . . .'
Liberty, liberty,
Without the cross!
'Katka and Vanka are busy.'
'With what? Busy with what?'
. . . All around, light upon light.
Upon their shoulders, straps, black as night.
. . . The revolutionary step beat clear,
The relentless foe is awake and near!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Comrade, hold your gun, have no fear,
Fire on our Russia, holy and dear!
Russia of huts,
And butts and ruts.
Ah, without the cross!

III

Yes, our boys went into service
To be soldiers of Red Guards,
To be soldiers of Red Guards,
And their heads lose with their pards.
Oh, my sorrow, grief so bitter,
Fine the life they lead,
Wearing their old, tattered coats,
And the Austrian guns for arms.
For the bourgeois woe and sorrow
We shall start a world-wide fire,
And with blood that fire we'll blend,
Lord, thy blessing on us send!

IV

Whirls the snow, the driver's gay,
Katka flies in Vanka's sleigh.
And a small electric lantern
Burns for them and lights their way —
In a soldier's coat he sits,
With a face so foolish, stupid,
And his black moustache he twists,
Curling it. He tells her jokes
And embraces Katka dearly,
And he talks and talks to her.
Back her head has thrown the girl
And each tooth shines like a pearl.
'Oh, my Katya, Katya, Katya,
Katya of the grubby face!'

V

'On your neck, remember, Katya,
Still is fresh that open wound.
And below your breast, my Katya,
Still is fresh that other scratch.
Dance, now, dance,
Your legs are pretty.
All your garments were with lace?
Wear them now, eh? wear them now.
With the officers you dallied?
Dally now, dally now.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What? Your heart in fear now beats?
Surely, you recall that fellow,
Officer you used to know?
Well, my knife has ne'er known pity.
Is your memory weak and faded?
Or your thoughts of him all jaded?
Come, refresh them in your head,
Lead him, lead him to your bed.
Chocolates but the best would suit you,
When in thin gray spats you stalked?
Only officers would suit you?
Now with soldiers you have walked.
Come with me, and come to sin,
Let my happiness begin!'

VI

The horses fast and faster fly,
The driver hurries, flying by.
'Stop, stop! Come, Andrew, help me here!
You, Pete, run back, and hold them clear.'
The guns spit fire with rattle and glow,
And to the sky whirls up the snow.
Vanka and the driver run away.
'Come shoot again, come fire this way!
Ah, now, my fellow, you will feel
How from another girl to steal.
He's gone, the rascal! Wait, now wait,
To-morrow, too, will not be late.
Where's Katka, though? She's dead, she's dead.
A bullet went straight through her head.
Ah, Katka, now you lie there low,
All like a carcass in the snow.'
. . . The revolutionary step beat clear,
The relentless foe is awake and near!

VII

Again the twelve walk on and onward.
A gun is slung behind each back.
Only the murderer's face is hidden,
Only the murderer's face is black.
Faster, faster, ever faster,
On and on they tread their way,
Only one is sad and sadder,
Nothing seems to make him gay.
'Comrade, why so gloomy, dreary?
What has come to make you sad?
Pete, what makes you look so weary?
Are you sorry Katka's dead?'
'Yes, dear comrades, dearest brothers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yes, I loved her, loved her long,
Many nights so black, enticing,
I had spent, with her along.
For the light of thought vivacious
In her eyes that burned like fire,
For the spot which near her shoulder
Flamed to rouse in me desire,
I had killed her, all for nothing,
I had killed her, when the fire . . .'
'Shut your mouth, are you a woman?
Are you going to cry here, Pete?
Do you want our souls turned out,
Inside out to hear you weep?
Hold yourself together, comrade.
And control yourself now, Pete.
This is not the time to nurse you
We have harder work ahead,
And a bigger load to carry.
Come now, comrade, raise your head.'
And the fellow dims his fire, and more slowly now he walks,
And his head he raises higher.
And he smiles again in mirth. . . .
'T is no sin to have our fun.
Close the doors, and close the windows.
Thefts and burglaries will come!

VIII

Above the sombre Neva towers
The stilly silence holds its sway.
'No more police, all things permitted.
Come, boys, be free and gay!'
A bourgeois upon the crossing
Into his collar hides his nose.
An ugly, skulking dog beside him
Against him rubs and presses close.
The bourgeois, like a hungry hound,
Stands, silent as a question mark.
Behind him stands the old, worn world,
A homeless hound, too weak to bark. . . .

IX

So they walk, unnamed, unknown,
All those twelve, on, slow or fast;
And for all things ever ready,
Nothing rue they in the past.
With their rifles charged and loaded
For the foe as yet unseen,
Into alleyways they wander
Where the storm is like a screen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On through snowbanks, deep, so deep,
You can hardly draw your feet.
And before their blinding eyes
The red flag still beats and flies.
And their even measured tread
Bears them on.
Any minute may awaken
He, the foe so dread,
While the snow-like dust is flying,
Day and night,
To blind their sight.
Onward, onward, onward, on!
Working people, onward, on!

X

With that sovereign step they 're walking.
'Who is there? Come, bow your head!'
'T is the wind, with red flag stalking,
Flies before them, on, ahead.
Snowbanks rise so cold before them.
'Who 's behind them? Where 's the wind?'
Still that dog, a beggar hungry,
Stumbles on and on, behind.
Get away, or with my bayonet,
Tickling, I shall cut you through.
'Get away from me, old world,
Or I 'll beat you black and blue.'
Shows his teeth the hungry hound.
Still he follows, cold and spare,
Still he follows, cold and hungry . . .
'Who is there? Who 's walking there?
Who is waving flags so crimson,
Hiding behind house and tree?
Who walks on with step so hasty?
Come, surrender now to me.
I shall get you, get you surely.
Comrade, come, before I fire.'
Trakh-takh-takh! The echo after
Rolls through houses, rattling low,
And the storm with rumbling laughter
Rings and jingles in the snow.
. . . With that sovereign step they 're walking
At their heels the hungry hound;
While in front, the red flag bearing,
In the snow storm undetected,
From the bullets free, protected,
Walks with soft and gentle measure
Through the snow's clear, pearly treasure,
In a wreath of roses white,
Jesus Christ — the guiding light.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*The New Statesman*]

WHAT IS 'PATRIOTISM'?

ALL through the nineteenth century there was a perfectly senseless and even ruinous conflict between the idea of patriotism and the idea of the unity of civilization. People who called themselves internationalists were more often than not people who regarded the love of one's country as a vice. They did not realize that in doing so they were dealing a disastrous blow to the cause the success of which they had at heart. If internationalism can be purchased only by the sacrifice of one's country, the average man will have none of it any more than if it could be purchased only by the sacrifice of his mother and his children. And the instinct of the average man in this matter is sound. If a man is indifferent to the fate of his own family or his own country, it is not likely that he will have a heart to spare for Europe or the world.

The truth is, internationalism as it was commonly preached in the nineteenth century had as little to do with the heart as has the binomial theorem. It was purely a paper doctrine which might be applicable enough to a bloodless world but which ignored human nature. It was preached by many amiable men who were disgusted by the crimes and follies of national and family egoism. The amiable men, however, were exceedingly foolish for, instead of attempting to moderate the egoism, they wished to abolish the nation and the family themselves. Others even wished to abolish religion, because bishops and the clergy in general have so often passed on the blessing of God to every sort of national and personal egoism. They thought of God as a mixture of Tamerlane and a nineteenth-century capitalist. They declared that belief in God was a form of private property that could not be tolerated. Obviously, there is no future for either internationalism or Socialism which flies in this way in the face of human nature. It is merely a form of intellectual nonsense, and those who profess it might as well play dominoes for all the help they will be able to give in solving the great problems of human coöperation and freedom.

The Socialism that cannot build on the basis of love of country and love of family, on the basis, moreover, of personal freedom and private property, is merely a tea-table problem for enthusiasts. The Utopian, like the painter, must respect his materials, and the materials out of which the new world can be made are chiefly the affectionate and generous instincts and the actual needs of human beings. Many enthusiasts are of the opinion that enthusiasm is a sufficient substitute for personal affection. They prefer enthusiasm for the world at large to affection for England or Italy or France or Ireland. They even imagine that it is a nobler passion.

For ourselves, we believe that at its best it is a noble and a necessary passion, but at its worst it can become a form of mere excited self-righteousness. Enthusiasm in itself is neither a good nor a bad thing. It may mean simply drunkenness as a result of imbibing too much theory. In any case, among common men, any quarrel between the enthusiasm of theory and the enthusiasm of affection must always end in the victory of the latter. That is why internationalists all the world over rallied to the aid of their country at the beginning of the war. The theories broke down: the affections triumphed. It is possible to deplore this but not to deny it. Many earnest men do deplore it. But the fact, it seems to us, is so significant that it would be madness

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to ignore it in any movement that has for its object a world united by closer ties than in the past. The ordinary decent man is a patriot: the ordinary decent man is a nationalist. He who forgets this fact had better not waste his time on international politics. He would be better occupied in making dandelion wine or growing parsnips.

It is time, we think, that this should be said, for in certain Liberal and labor circles there has been noticeable for some time past a tendency to revert to the old pre-war suspicion of patriotism and nationalism. Examples may be found in the reports of the Socialist conferences held during Easter week. One speaker roundly denounced patriotism as though it were an evil thing that must be extirpated at all costs. Now the war proved — though no such proof was necessary to an intelligent man — that Liberals and Socialists were equally ready to lay down their lives for their country with true-blue Conservatives. To be a Socialist is not to cease to be an Englishman or a German. The Socialist desires his country to be free as well as to be the scene of a better civilization.

If the Liberal and Socialist are patriots in practice, however, we cannot understand why anyone should detest their being patriots in theory. It is, we are aware, only a small minority who object, but it is an eloquent minority and it does an injury to the prospects of the democratic parties as a whole. One result of this is that it leaves the theory of patriotism largely in the hands of reactionary and demagogic politicians, and many men are tempted to become patriots of the jingo sort, as a saner and juster patriotism is seldom preached with the same vigor.

The jingo sort of patriotism, it may be admitted, disgusts many people, just as the opposing want of patriotism does, but we doubt if it disgusts as many people at a crisis. It is especially odious because it has no respect for the patriotism of other people. It is a patriotism of aggression and hegemony. It is Nietzschean and beyond good and evil. It is the patriotism of Ahab and Jezebel. 'And Ahab spoke unto Naboth, saying, Give me the vineyard that I may have it for a garden of herbs, because it is near unto my house, and I will give thee for it a better vineyard than it; and if it seem good to thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money. And Naboth said to Ahab, The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee. . . . And Jezebel his wife said unto [Ahab], Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? Arise and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite. So she wrote letters in Ahab's name . . . saying . . . Set two men, sons of Belial before him, to bear witness against him, saying, Thou didst blaspheme God and the King: and then carry him out, and stone him that he may die.'

There you have a fable which sums up the history of Frederick the Great and how many more of the great patriotic conquerors! First, there is the desire for the vineyard 'because it is near unto my house': then there is the pretext — Frederick said: 'Give me a war, and I will find a pretext for half a crown'—and then there is the necessary bloodshed. To be a patriot in this sort is no virtue. The recent war was fought in order to undo the ravages of this sort of patriotism. Many a good man, suspecting his country of patriotism of the kind, has been known even to pray for its defeat. A considerable number of Englishmen adopted this attitude at the time of the American War of Independence and again at the time of the war against

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the French Revolution. Wordsworth, who was afterward to become the great patriotic poet during the war against Napoleon, has told us how during the French Revolutionary War he used to pray for French victories and:

> Exulted in the triumph of my soul,
> When Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown
> Left without glory on the field, or driven
> Brave hearts! to shameful flight.

The average man, however, finds it difficult to wish to see his country defeated, even for its good. He believes as a rule that it is all-important that his country should win even in a dubious war. Cowper, though of the liberal-minded school of Burke, had no desire to see the American colonists triumphant. 'I consider,' he declared, 'the loss of America as the ruin of England.' When America was finally victorious and broke free, he almost screamed with rage. 'The Americans,' he declared, 'who, if they had contented themselves with a struggle for lawful liberty, would have deserved applause, seem to me to have incurred the guilt of parricide, by renouncing their parent, by making her ruin their favorite object, and by associating themselves with her worst enemy, for the accomplishment of her purpose.'

The event has proved Cowper wrong, and a wiser patriot would, perhaps, have screamed less. Burke, who was the wisest patriot of his century, spoke and wrote neither in the spirit of victory at all costs nor in that of a defeatist. He fought against the false patriotism during the war, but he did not surrender the true. America would possibly never have seceded if the patriotic philosophy of Burke had been generally accepted in English politics. We are told that in the early days of the rebellion separatism was so rare in America that one of the leading separatists was 'avoided like a man infected with leprosy,' and 'walked down the streets of Philadelphia in solitude, borne down by the weight of care and unpopularity.' Aggressionist patriots in England, however, made America a nation in spite of itself. It was of them that Burke said: 'They imagine that their souls are cooped up and cabined in, unless they have some men, or some body of men, dependent on their mercy. . . . This disposition is the true source of the passion which many men . . . have taken to the American war. *Our* subjects in America, *our* colors, *our* dependents. This lust of party power is the liberty they hunger and thirst for; and this siren song of ambition has charmed ears that we would have thought were never organized to that sort of music.'

Burke never attacked patriotism itself merely because the lust of party power disguised itself as patriotism. He began with patriotism as a first necessity, and made it his object to prevent patriotism from coming into conflict with justice and liberty.

It seems to us that, at the present day, democrats will make a serious mistake if they allow themselves to be driven by disgust with the excesses of national egoism into disgust with nationalism itself. The fact that Poland has a swelled head is not an argument that Poland should have no head at all. The mutual suspicion of European nations, odious as it is, should not make us indifferent to their liberty. We see perversions of patriotism everywhere. The cure for these is, not the abolition of patriotism, but a better sort of patriotism. Patriotism, we may be told, is bound ultimately to lead to national egoism. We admit that egoism is a vice difficult to eradicate either in the nation or in the individual. Both men and nations are imperfect, and they cannot be made perfect at this stage in the history of this particular planet. All we can do is to make

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the best of them — to take coöperation and good will out of the realm of soppy phrases and see that they play their part as realities in politics.

In a real League of Nations the various patriotisms would not vanish but coöperate. Man does not need to be indifferent to his family in order to serve his country, and he does not need to be indifferent to his country in order to serve the world. If internationalism cannot reconcile itself with this fact, internationalism is doomed. An anti-patriotic internationalism can only result in leaving the bellowing and bellicose sort of patriots in full possession of the field. For a bellowing patriot, in the eyes — and ears — of most people, is better than no patriot at all.

[*The Poetry Review*]

A POET CONFESSES

BY ALBERTA VICKRIDGE

I AM afraid lest God, one day
(I crouching at His feet) should lift
My head in kindly hands, and say:
'What didst thou, Soul, with life, My gift?'

Then I must shun the eyes whose beam
Is searching as the dawn's, and cry:
'Lord, Lord, I wrapped it in a dream —
Because 't was fair, I laid it by
In woofs most delicately wrought
With ghosts of faces, moons, and trees,
And shreds of human ardors, caught
In thin, unpassionate semblances;
For I have seen like shadow-throngs
The shapes of joy and love and grief;
But all my sorrows, all my songs,
And all my loves, were make-belief.'

Then other souls shall stand and meet
God's glance unfearing, eye to eye,
And say: 'Before Thy mercy seat
We lay Thy loan, with usury;
We have not hoarded power or sense
That Thou hast bidden the will employ,
Nor fled from gray experience,
Nor halted at the doors of joy. . . .'

These many souls God shall redeem;
The spendthrift, even, shall find His grace;
But I — I wrapped life in a dream,
Nor looked upon its naked face.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ARTS AND LETTERS

LA GRANDE PASTORALE

It has been an interesting month at the theatres. Paris has seen a tremendously successful revival, on a grand, spectacular scale, of a Provençal Nativity Cycle; London has had an entirely new Shylock, M. Louis Bouwmeester, a distinguished Dutch actor over seventy-four years of age; Webster's *The White Devil* has been played, and there is a new 'personal' play, *Ned Kean of Old Drury*. The critic of the *Observer* thought Mr. Bouwmeester's conception of Shylock one of the most strenuous which he had ever seen. He does not spare himself for a single minute. If he is not speaking he is always acting; in his paroxysms of rage he throws himself on the ground and all but foams at the mouth.

'A less majestic Jew it would be difficult to imagine, for Mr. Bouwmeester has followed the Continental rather than the English reading of the part. This Shylock might have been a successful usurer on a small scale; he could never have been a Rothschild in the financial world of Venice. His vindictive hatred of the Christian race in general and the merchant in particular overpowers everything else. For Mr. Bouwmeester's Shylock there can be no sympathy, even though there may be admiration for the fixity of his purpose. At the close of the court scene he is little more than a gibbering maniac with all his hates and hopes tumbled around him. He suggests the animal robbed of his prey rather than the gambler who has played for great stakes and lost the trick. But though one may not agree with his conception of the part, one feels that it is a performance which will linger long in the memory, and one is grateful to Mr. Fagan for having given London playgoers a chance of seeing it.

'The handicap of language was not so heavy as might have been expected. Mr. Bouwmeester does not speak a word of English, so that it was naturally a matter of considerable difficulty for all concerned to recognize their cues. But the whole company worked with a will to avoid any rough edges, and they certainly gave the impression that they followed all the invective that Shylock was pouring out.'

How long has it been since the Continental version of Shylock has been seen in America? Irving's Jew, the last great portrayal to grace this transatlantic stage, was an elderly gentleman tragically abused by sky-larking young Venetians.

La Grande Pastorale is not an *Everyman*, but the kind of spectacle which in mediæval times used to be given on huge stages erected near the churches. Yet it is far more than the mediæval pastoral brought up to date. There is nothing solemn, would-be-naïve, *precieux* about this performance.

'In old days, at any rate, and in Provence, long faces were not a part of religion. *La Grande Pastorale* shows us a village full of peasants, celebrating the wedding anniversary of a respectable couple. There are far more characters than could be outlined here, but there is not one that you do not know

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intimately when you are watching the play. An old shepherd is talking about the birth of a promised Saviour. (The women wear crosses round their necks and fourteenth century costumes—before the birth of Christ? Certainly; the villagers would, of course, play their play in their own dress. They knew no other. And they could not conceive of a Syrian village other than as their own village.) There are gypsies, and one of them is most certainly the devil. He is gypsy through and through, but he is the devil through and through that. He is a white-faced, wire-mouthed, utterly terrifying, wandering Satan.

'There is a fire in the village, which looks rather like hell until a real vision of hell follows it — in a blaze of red light horned devils basting lost souls with liquid fire, people broken on the wheel, a white, restless, nude human that must forever turn somersaults backward before a gray Lord of hell, and figures jumping, running, horned figures and hairy figures, and shrieking figures, and people with pitchforks, and the whole thing a great deal more uncomfortable than anything ever heard out of any pulpit.

'When this is all over, the star appears to the shepherds, with the choir of angels most rightly accompanied by the organ, for not otherwise would villagers think of sacred music. So the whole village takes offerings in its hands, and goes off to find the baby. The journey lasts over ten years, but they get there, and produce their eggs and freshly baked bread and strings of garlic at the manger, where a rather oleographic St. Joseph and a virgin sit watching the baby. And this simple pilgrimage is the theme of so many wayside incidents, of such glorious color and line, is accompanied by such jolly or such moving songs, is so simple and so rich, so full of fun, so full of feeling, that when the real 'tambourinaires' from Marseilles start their final primitive drum-and-fife melody in honor of the baby, one is full of laughter and full of tears.

'And as to the scene where all the nations of the earth come to pay homage to the Saviour, one would be almost dazed by the many hues and fine stuffs and the music and the dances, only that good sturdy Provence is standing in a group there, in its bright pure colors, and with its honest faces to keep one steady. Yes, this Pastorale ought to pass into the stuff of French life; it is so full of beauty that the eye is enchanted everywhere, and in its nature it is such that one comes away knowing that it is years since one felt quite so merry, and a lifetime since one felt half so religious.'

NED KEAN OF OLD DRURY is by Arthur Shirley. It was produced in Manchester last June and at the Kennington Theatre (London) on April 5.

The story may be briefly outlined thus: Act I finds the Keans, in August, 1812, at the Cross Roads, near Tiverton, 'busking' the country, homeless and starving, and only rescued from the bigoted violence of the rustics and the stupidity of the village Dogberry by Kean's ready tongue and the intervention of the Squire and his friend, Dr. Drury, who tells Kean he will bear him in mind at Drury Lane. Acts II and III pass at Dorchester in November, 1813. Kean has advanced from barns to theatres, but nothing more has been heard of Drury Lane. At the fall of the second curtain Kean, dressed as Harlequin, is kneeling over the dead Howard. His evil geniuses, Captain Gaskell and Squire Willett, Dorchester gentlemen, who would have had him drink with them, are incensed at his refusal. A week later Kean, reckless now that Howard is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dead, is drinking with them all day and getting through at night as best he can. An evening comes when the Earl of Essex drives over from Bath to see him. A slighting reference to Howard causes Kean to fall out with Gaskell and Willett. A diplomatic suggestion by Essex that England has no actor to compare with Talma makes Kean change his mind and appear, and, Gaskell and Willett's revengeful attempt to have him arrested for debt foiled, off he goes to the theatre. The fourth act passes in the Cecil Street lodgings. We see Kean's setting out for Drury Lane and his return, interposed between them being the reproduction on the screen of the authentic programme, and a scene before the curtain in which *The Merchant of Venice* is announced, by Mr. Raymond, the stage manager, and the final tableau of the trial scene.

SPRING

BLUE sky: and the hills a-shimmer in the misty gold of the sun:
White foam of the purest blossom: and the song of a bird . . .
White Joy: and the dazzling Gold of the Joy of the Spring begun . . .
And my heart is a mist of tears, for the Beauty of Spring.

K. M. W.

THE *Athenæum* has an interesting note on the difficulties confronting English artists in their search for a home. American artists will sympathize.

'England finds considerable difficulty in realizing that artists are necessary to it. It is, indeed, less inclined to admit that they are necessary now than it has been for many years. Under the stress of war conditions a delightfully simple classification of trades into essential and non-essential came into being, and the artist, rightly enough, was relegated among the non-essentials; and there, we fear, he has remained in the general mind, because the general mind is, alas! still organized for war.

'We gladly admit that the artist is not necessary to a community organized for war. It is his greatest title to honor that he is not. He is necessary to civilization, and civilization abhors the condition of war as Nature does a vacuum. Now that the interregnum of civilization, the moratorium of the ideal, is at an end, the artist has become essential again; but to be essential and to be recognized as essential are very different things. The ordinary mind takes satisfaction in the congenial conditions imposed by war; the simplification of the moral issue brings with it a welcome economy of effort; the opportunity to indulge the baser passions under the cloak of patriotism is congenial even to persons who consider themselves above them. People are loth to leave such an Elysium long after the excuse for it has departed. Therefore, we have peace without the morality of peace, civilization without the values of civilization. The artist who has become once more essential is still regarded as a parasite, and treated as one.

'The wages of the artist, like the wages of the literary journalist, have not risen during the war. As far as ordinary economic hardship goes, they are in the same case. But there is this important difference. Whereas, the literary man needs food and clothes and shelter, the artist needs food and clothes and shelter and — a place to work in, a place where, if he so desires, he can stretch a canvas twenty feet broad or chip at half a ton of stone. That is no less a necessity to the artist than is to the workman his bag of tools on which the broker's man may not distrain.

'London never was particularly rich in such places. Very often the artist

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had to go abroad to Paris to find one; more often he abated his demands under stress of necessity, and did his best with a big room in one of those great houses with which the West of London is covered. But in his pursuit even of one of these he had to be very circumspect. Agents looked askance at him, and confronted him with clauses of leases which provided that the respectability of the western squares should never be contaminated with anything so disreputable as an artist who was not even a member of the Royal Academy. Eventually, however, the proprietors of some of the more hopelessly unfashionable houses saw a chance of making a good thing out of the artists; they labeled their houses studios, added fifty per cent to the economic rent, and permitted the artists to live in them.

'But at the present time these apologies for studios have, in common with every other place of shelter, a rarity value. The artist is in no position to outbid his more prosperous rivals; the larger rooms go to the larger purses. Artists' studios are let at twice the rent to people who make use of them for jazz parties; and now in expectation of the promised influx of American visitors, who love such delightfully Bohemian things as studio flats, two of the most important blocks of studios in Chelsea have been sold, and the occupants given notice to quit. Furthermore, it is announced that a huge block of property, which includes very many of the little studios of which we have spoken, has been sold to make room for two convalescent hospitals.

'Whether there is any hope of having these peculiar difficulties of artists mitigated by legislation we do not know. There is at any rate no reason to suppose that the present House of Commons does not share the general view that artists are unnecessary people. Once more, it is for those who think otherwise to come together in support of them. That admirable organization, the Arts League of Service, is elaborating a scheme by which one or two large houses should be bought for the sole purpose of providing artists with accommodation and thus establishing the nucleus of an artists' quarter in London, whence they cannot be evicted by persons with a larger bank balance, but infinitely less claim on the consideration of a civilized community. But such a scheme will inevitably need a measure of financial backing. We sincerely hope that when the time comes our readers will give it all the support and advertisement in their power.'

SOIRÉE DE PÉTROGRADE

Le soir vient; la bise têtue
  Dévaste les bouleaux;
La voix des fontaines s'est tue
  A Tsarkoïe-Selo.

Poursuivant son ombre qu'allonge
  Le couchant solennel,
Erre dans le palais de songe
  Un pâle colonel.

RENÉ CHALUPT.

1916–1917

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*The Athenæum*]

NOSTALGIA

BY IRIS TREE

Give me my old coat again
That I have worn through many days of rain,
Whose hue is varied, ripened by the sun
To suble patterns; give me one
Of my old books to read by firelight half asleep,
Whose effaced memories leave gaps of deep
Conjecture over thoughts that lie in rest
Beneath their placid linen. Let the blest
White hands of silence touch me, and the white
Cool hands of rivers soothing through the night
Into the dreams of trancèd sleepers—hands
Reminiscent, binding me with scented bands.
The wake of clouds shall touch me, whose pale ships
Pass suavely over; let the whispering lips
Of twilight tell me of dead loves and legend glories,
And let these flames unscroll their golden stories
And fold them with the pinch of dusty fingers.
Ah, in this darkness many a sunset lingers,
And many a dream within this dozing,
Things slow revealed and d'mly closing.
Give me my old town again
That I have watched through ghostly scarves of rain,
Through fringes of pale lights, and let me see
Her streets that wound into my brain so stealthily
That I hear yet the chant of them that roars
Along their blinded spectral corridors.
Give my old joy and wonder back again,
The adolescent loveliness of pain;
But let me touch them now, and know and bless
With this new love and dawning tenderness.

[*The Irish Statesman*]

IN THE BEGINNING

BY DARRELL FIGGIS

In the first beginning of days and the young years' prime,
When the tide of the hawthorn heaps on the banks of time,
When the hounds of the passionate will and the blood's first call
Are checked not or chidden or anyway held in thrall,
Through the forest of faith and desire to lure Love or scorn her
In the gloom of a nebulous noon went Little Jack Horner.
Like the flowers of the foam of the sea where the wide years yearn
And turn from the last to the first as the tide will turn,
He went on the wings of his will where the young loves come,
To search through the flowers and the fruits for the perfect plum
That is more than all apples and appetites where they are rife
In the verdures of virtue and vice and the languors of life.
So he came to the innermost place of the sacredest shrine
And he saw in a coign of the shade a fair shape for a sign;
And he turned the wild feet of his will, and he rested, and sate,
And he sighed as he seized on the fruit, and he plucked it, and ate.
Then came Light. Like a fair fleet messenger out of the gloom
Light, lifting the dread that lay on his soul like a doom;
And he sprang to his feet with a swift transfiguring cry:
I am boy born of man and of maid. I am good. I am I.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

New Books

PATRONS OF DEMOCRACY

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

A plea for the support of the American public schools

This is likely to prove one of the small books in which a large discussion centres. It is based on an article in the November (1919) *Atlantic*, which met with a wide and cordial response, and with a corresponding opposition. The demand for it has been such that Professor Sharp and The Atlantic Monthly Press have coöperated to bring it out in a separate volume, — not as a mere reprint from the *Atlantic*, but with many amplifications of the points originally made. Professor Sharp has the habit of provoking thought by what he writes, whether about nature or about men and women. The thought and pro-and-con expression which this book is sure to provoke are of the sort that puts things forward.

80 cents postpaid

ATLANTIC PROSE AND POETRY

Library Edition

A volume of selections of prose and poetry from the *Atlantic Monthly* adapted especially to the interest of younger readers. They are drawn from the magazine throughout its history, which began in 1857, and include the writings of typical *Atlantic* contributors, from Mark Twain and Thomas Bailey Aldrich to favorite authors of the present day. Attractively bound, with gilt top.

$1.50 postpaid

THE LIGHT

An Educational Pageant

By CATHERINE T. BRYCE

Assistant Superintendent of Schools
Cleveland, Ohio

The Libretto of a Pageant given at the National Education Association Convention in Cleveland, Ohio. Made for a specific local purpose, this presentment of the cause of Public School Education deals with a general topic of universal interest and holds possibilities for many communities throughout the country.

65 cents postpaid

WRITING THROUGH READING

A Book of Exercises in English Composition

By ROBERT M. GAY

Professor of English in Simmons College

This small book presents a practical and original method of teaching and learning the writing of English. Its brevity makes it serviceable not only for Summer School courses, but also for use in schools and colleges in conjunction with existing courses in composition and the study of literature.

90 cents postpaid

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

FOR NEXT WEEK WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

The Challenge from the East, from the British *Review of Reviews;* **Is Bolshevism Possible in China?,** from the *Deutsche Politik;* **German Students To-day,** from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung;* **An Interview with Max Harden,** from the *Times;* **Wilson and Italy,** from *La Tribuna;* **Russia from the Inside,** from the *Times;* **A Brain-Workers' Union,** from *L'Action Francaise.*

THE STRANGE CAREER OF THE REAL MADAME TUSSAUD

By D. L. M.

A MERCHANT ADVENTURER IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

By Basil St. Cleather

ON BEING PATIENT: An Essay

THE PERSONALITY OF MR. JAMES STEPHENS

By Holbrook Jackson

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly, fill out coupon below.

.....

The Living Age,
41 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $6.00 for my subscription to THE LIVING AGE for one year, beginning.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....CITY.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED